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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXL. }

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} From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXVI.

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## THE MIRAGE.

THEY tell us that when weary travellers deem  
 They view through quivering heat across  
 the sand  
 Great rocks for shadow in a weary land,  
 And clustering palms, and, fairer yet, the  
 gleam  
 Where smiles in light to laugh in sound the  
 stream,  
 This is no work of some enchanter's wand,  
 But that reflected here true visions stand  
 Of far-off things that close beside them seem.

So, worn with life's hot march, when near at  
 hand  
 A happier world we see upon us beam,  
 Where death and parting need not be our  
 theme,  
 None there by toil forefought, by grief un-  
 manned,  
 Prophets of Science, hush your stern com-  
 mand,  
 Oh! bid us not to hold it all a dream.  
 Spectator. H. T. R.

## AFTER AUTUMN.

## I.

No more the shocks of corn  
 Stand like twin sisters in the sunset glow,  
 Nor in the flush of morn  
 The ruddy reapers, shouting, come and go.  
 Earth's golden fields are gone;  
 And lo! on barren plains the lurid sun looks  
 down.

## II.

With Autumn song has fled;  
 The circling swallow scythes no more the air;  
 Upon its lonely bed  
 The drooping floweret pines, despite its prayer,  
 Then falls to die  
 Unpitied by a soul, unnoticed by an eye.

## III.

Yet still in calm serene  
 Earth sets her troubled heart to simpler joys,  
 And beauty, else unseen,  
 On every trembling leaflet seems to poise;  
 The thistle shakes her gown,  
 And from the sable folds, outflows the winged  
 down.

## IV.

Each morn the skies are set  
 In pearl, weird-tinted as a wizard's hall;  
 The spider spreads her net  
 Intent to catch the raindrops as they fall,  
 And weaves along the road  
 Her crystal palaces to teach the world of  
 God.

## V.

As after ceaseless rain  
 The chill dank glades with drifted leaves are  
 stored;  
 And by the bleak wind slain  
 The smitten reed hangs down its useless  
 sword;  
 The beech in hues of red  
 And bronze mimics the dusky bracken's with-  
 ering bed.

## VI.

While round the dying hedge  
 The sere convolvulus curls amber veils;  
 From strips of jutting ledge  
 The ranks of dewdrops file along the rails:  
 With every zephyr's breath  
 Each slips from his frail hold, caught in the  
 arms of death.

## VII.

O'er hill and field and wood,  
 Not sorrow for joys fled, or news of death,  
 A sovran calm doth brood,  
 A dove-like Peace, the sister twin of Faith,  
 Knowing anew with Spring  
 All things shall rise again in sweeter blossom-  
 ing.

## VIII.

So let the Winter come  
 Half like a thief, half like a lover stealing,  
 And gaze with motions dumb,  
 On every trembling leaflet downward reeling:  
 Thereon he'll make a bed  
 When winds and snows are drear, to lay his  
 hoary head.

Cornhill Magazine.

## NATURE.

NATURE is like a sister to my eyes,  
 A maiden playful, petulant, and shy.  
 Deep in her face sweet meanings I espy  
 Which now she fain would hide, as the far  
 skies  
 Hide their blue souls by some thin cloud that  
 flies,  
 Rendering concealment lovelier. I sigh  
 When gazing on her charms, so quietly  
 Expressed, and learn her soul by its fair  
 guise.

Sometimes, with folded hands upon her breast,  
 Alone, apart, like some sweet nun, I hear  
 Her pray. Sometimes she sings to me, and  
 fear  
 And joy alternate rob my mind of rest.  
 Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness:  
 Her saddest moods are rich with hopes that  
 bless.

Spectator.

WILL FOSTER.

From Temple Bar.

## TWO BISHOPS OF MANCHESTER.

## I.

JAMES PRINCE LEE.

I CONFESS that I am not altogether satisfied with Hughes's "Life of Bishop Fraser." To my thinking, it lacks picturesqueness, and those minor details which make up the interest of biographies. To be sure, there never has been but one Boswell, and I fear there will never be another; but something more graphic might have been looked for from the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." We see but little of the man and less of the bishop. Possibly his acquaintance with Fraser was small, and only scanty materials were placed in his hands; so that, perhaps, too much ought not to be expected. But there is one omission for which there is no excuse; there is no mention—or next to none—of Bishop Prince Lee.

I shall therefore make no apology for supplying some particulars as to the life and episcopate of that eminent prelate. About sixty years ago, there burst upon the Cambridge world a young scholar of the very highest promise. This was James Prince Lee. He graduated in the year 1828 with the honors of a first class in classics, a fellowship at Trinity, a Craven scholar—and one according to Whewell's critical judgment second to none in the university. Subsequently he became a Rugby master under Arnold, and head of King Edward's School, Birmingham. In both these positions his influence was unbounded. "As a schoolmaster," says Dean Vaughan, his pupil at Rugby, "he inspired in a degree I should really think unrivalled that *conscientious* thoroughness and working in sight and out of sight which has made the kind of scholar and the kind of theologian which we look up to almost with awe in Westcott and Lightfoot. The master who made them could be no common man." Archbishop Benson, his pupil at Birmingham, says: "We recognized magnificent power, wide interests, large sympathy, inexhaustible freshness, stern justice, and, above all, invincible faith in the laws of thought and

in the laws of language." Bishop Lightfoot says: "I have sometimes thought that if I were allowed to live one hour only of my past life over again, I would choose a Butler lesson under Lee. His rare eloquence was never more remarkable than during these lessons. I have heard many great speakers and preachers since, but I do not recollect anything comparable in its kind to his oratory, when leaning back in his chair, and folding his gown about him, he would break off at some idea suggested by the text, and pour forth an uninterrupted flood of eloquence for half an hour or more, the thought keeping pace with the expression all the while, and the whole marked by a sustained elevation of tone which entranced even the idlest and most careless among us. I suppose that it was this singular combination of intellectual vigor and devotional feeling which created his influence over the character of his pupils." Dr. Westcott tells us: "He made us feel that there was something which we could do, and not only something which we could receive. He familiarized us with the original sources of criticism and history by giving us free access to his splendid library. He encouraged us by his breadth of illustration to make every individual taste minister some elements to the fullness of our common work. He enabled us to see that scholarship is nothing less than one method of dealing with the whole problem of human existence in which art and truth and goodness are inextricably combined." "I cannot tell you," says Canon Evans, one of his successors at Birmingham, "the secret of his marvellous hold upon the affection and reverence of his pupils. All I know is that many of us would willingly have died for him." "His conversation," adds Dean Vaughan, "was delightful, full of sparkle, full of salt, alike in wit and in a playful mischievousness about stupid and pretentious people." Another old Birmingham pupil says: "It is hardly possible to describe what he was in his lighter moments. A torrent of fun and illustration, dog-Latin, anecdotes full of dates and names, fag ends of ballads, epigrams, and plays, always clever and to the point, would follow

one another without intermission." Fancy, too, the humor of the man who gave pet names to his family in Greek, and tried when at college to cook a meal of purely classical constituents, and who turned mathematics, which he did not care for, into classics by reading the fifth book of Euclid in the original.

Like Arnold he trusted his boys, and like Arnold he was rarely if ever deceived.

"We loved and respected him," says a schoolfellow of the primate's, "and were glad to shew it by obedience to his wishes; he placed confidence in our honor, and recognized the fact that boys are naturally full of spirits. Our bedroom was over his study, and every sound could be heard. We little thought how we were disturbing him as he sat burning the midnight oil just underneath.

"One night we were playing at what we called the 'Olympian games;' riotous and noisy enough, for we used to pull a mattress into the middle of the floor and wrestle on it. It so happened that my bed was so despoiled, and the sheets and blankets thrown against the door. In the midst of our gambols a well-known step was heard along the passage. My chums were in bed in a trice. The door opened an inch or two, and there was I lying on the bare canvas. But all Lee said was, 'Why aren't you all in bed?' Then, with a glance at my blankets, 'R—, do you always sleep with your bed in that fashion?' On my answering, 'No, sir!' 'Well, then, make haste and get into bed and put out the light.' Lee was like Nelson; he knew both when *not* to do a thing and when to overlook it. I expected a wiggling in the morning, but no! there was neither lecture nor punishment. How I determined after that I'd never disturb him! Shortly after I left from lameness, but my pleasure was to be driven over to see him, and his pleasure was to see me. I once had to go into his study as best I could on crutches. He asked me what branch of study I found most difficult. On my telling him, he took a book down from his shelves and gave it to me in the hope, as he said, that it might help me. I left the school at nineteen, and saw little of him afterwards; but when he was

Bishop of Manchester he asked me to dine, and took me with him to the House of Lords; a pretty compliment to a young fellow of my years."

The primate tells of Lee giving him Bacon's "*Novum Organum*" in Latin when he was only twelve. "I chose this book for you," he said, "though you cannot understand it yet, because the time will come when you will love it." "That was Arnold over again," said an old Rugbeian on hearing the story. "Why, Arnold gave Bacon to boys who'd never heard the name."

"To have a copy of verses corrected by Lee," says Archbishop Benson, "was a lesson to last for one's lifetime. If the verses were worthy of being corrected no trouble was spared; the boy's own idea, however much overlaid or misrepresented by blemishes or mistakes, was treated with the greatest reverence. As much as possible only the materials he had brought were used, the conception he had tried but failed to express was patiently drawn out, and at last re-presented to him in as full and faultless a form as the idea was capable of receiving from the given materials. The process was made a masterpiece of education."

Lee's handwriting was not of the best. A lad once sent up an exercise very badly written. Lee wrote five words underneath, and told the delinquent to read out the subscribed condemnation. The lad looked puzzled, as well he might, for the head-master's hand was not easy to decipher. Whereupon Lee helped him out, and the five words were read antiphonally. Thus:—

BOY.	This
LEE.	scrawl
BOY.	is
LEE.	scarcely
BOY.	legible.

The class listened as gravely as they could, but it upset them all, the delinquent and Lee included. Lee laughed the heartiest of all, though.

A little fellow of about ten came late, and innocently explained that he had got into a merry-go-round at the fair, and they wouldn't let him out till the rounds were all over. Lee contented himself with look-

ing as stern as he could, though with a twinkle in his eye, and advised the lad to come to school and not to perform *rotatory gyrations* in the fair. "I am afraid," said the master who stood by, "the boy does not understand you." "How he would laugh at me if he did!" was the reply.

He would call up an incorrigibly noisy boy and say to him, "There's too much noise at that desk. I want a boy to take the lead in keeping better order, I think you are just the boy." The effect was marvellous. Then he had Arnold's way of kindling a pride in the school and in himself, and well they might; for Birmingham, under Lee, was second to no school. He delighted, too, to bring his pupils together in after life and talk to them of their objects and ambitions, as well as of old school-days. So it came to pass that men eminent in the schools, in the Senate, the bar, the Church, in science, in commerce, look back to their intercourse with him with pride and pleasure, and attribute their success to him.

Here is one pleasing recollection. "I remember," says an old college friend of my own, now a rural dean in Nova Scotia, "my father and myself meeting Prince Lee and a companion, and we all four walked on together. That companion was a striking-looking youth of nineteen, named Benson, of the sixth form. He is now Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Prince Lee's face is before me now as he used to sit with his boys in the gallery of old St. Martin's Church, with black curly hair and striking features — Italian in cast. He was a great man and a great scholar, especially learned in the Scriptures of the New Testament."

I suppose a schoolmaster must be autocratic. Dr. Busby was, and would not let his boys take off their hats to the king. He excused them on the ground — which, by the way, King George accepted — that discipline would be impossible if the boys could conceive of any man being greater than the doctor himself.

One day Lee said to a master who could be free with him, "The governors desire so-and-so." The master, with a mischievous look, replied, "Who are the governors?" "Ah, well!" said Lee, and went off

laughing. "Always work through a committee," he said gravely to a friend. (This was after his consecration.) "I always like to have a committee, but I like that committee to consist of one person, and that one person myself."

All very well for a head-master, but certainly not for a bishop in these days of diocesan synods, and conferences, and houses of laymen.

But no one could exercise more tact when he chose. So it was generally supposed that he owed his elevation to the episcopate to his entertaining Prince Albert on his first visit to Birmingham, to the charm of his conversation, the versatility of his information, and his perfect knowledge of German. I do not think the exchange was a happy one. Lee ought to have been made the head of a college. He would have been a splendid successor to Whewell.

I did not myself know him at Rugby or Birmingham, so I can only describe him as he was in the year of my ordination, the first he ever held in the year 1849.

In stature he was little above the middle size, his head shapely, covered with crisp curly hair, giving him the appearance of an old patrician Roman, his lips thin, mouth firm, the curves drawn into a smile if anything pleased him, but severe and sarcastic if he were angered. Some wags managed to take a photograph of him vested in cope and mitre, and armed with pastoral staff. He kept it on the drawing-room table, so I ventured to say to him, "I never saw your lordship look so well."

"I dare say," he replied, "you would like me to adopt that habit."

"Indeed, I should," I rejoined.

"I should have no objection," he added, "if it were the legal one."

Certainly he might have stood for a Hildebrand or any great mediæval prelate. As an orator strictly on the classical model, he was unrivalled and unapproachable. In his management of the voice, in his action, always like that of the famous Greeks, with the right hand, in his fulness of illustration, I do not think that he was ever surpassed. But he was rarely seen either in the pulpit or on the platform; he

reserved his orations—for orations both his speeches and sermons were—for great occasions. In this he hardly did himself justice. He was so ready that a few words spoken spontaneously would have made great impression. As it was, what he said gave the idea of being almost too carefully studied and prepared. You admired him; you went away instructed. "What a magnificent orator!" you said to yourself, as was said of Cicero. You did not say, "Let us go and fight Philip," as was the cry when Demosthenes had spoken.

His attainments were amazing, arising as much from power of sustained attention as from his prodigious memory. "Accurate as he was," observes Dean Vaughan, "in the minute and finished sense of accuracy, he was what I may call a *scholar on a large scale*, wide in his compass of reading, and laying great stress on the importance of what he called taking in the *proportions* of great workers, by reading their works as a *whole*, not in infinitesimal doses. I think I have heard him say, to give an example, that he made a point of periodically reading 'Paradise Lost' at one sitting, and if interrupted beginning again."

I congratulated him on his memory. "How you are to be envied!" "I don't know that. There are many things I could *wish* to forget." Some ladies tested him at an evening party. They opened "Marmion" haphazard and quoted a line; the bishop could have recited the entire poem. They next took up "Ivanhoe," at the conversation between Gurth and Wamba; his lordship repeated the chapter word for word. It must be confessed that his gifts, great as they were, and deservedly as he was beloved by those who knew him intimately, did not make him popular. To the outer world he was stern and unbending, and to the clergy despotic. "His strength and his weakness lay in his determination to rule, his impatience, intolerance, exclusion of an opposing will; his disposition to overbear and consume a rival, even where the rivalry was imaginary and impossible from inferiority of station. So that, as a schoolmaster at the head of a great system, he was wonderful. As a bishop he attempted despotism, and the despotism of bishops is incongruous and out of date. Yet in his diocese he had attached and admiring friends both clerical and lay." This is the testimony of one who knew him well, loved and admired him.

A worker, and a thorough worker, he

certainly was; and I rubbed my eyes when I read what Mr. Bryce says: that he did little more than his official duties, and was unknown by sight to the people of Lancashire. The contrary is proved by the statistics of the diocese, open surely to a school-inspector, and by the fact that he was in the habit of holding confirmations every Saturday afternoon. "His devotion to work," says the present primate, "was unwearied and unrelaxing; his first day's work in his high office done after noon on the day that office was conferred, and some of his heaviest days' works done when he was sick already unto death; his only respite change of work, no day of idleness ever self-allowed; ever open to fresh business, never so pleased as when a sudden emergency found him quite ready and keen to undertake it. Two faults were easily and readily found with him, and they were these: that he expected to find all men as constantly prepared for him as he was for them, and that he knew not the value of a holiday. It was ever so with him from boyish days, when, after the minimum of sleep, he struck his light for severe study through yet long hours of darkness, till days when vacations were prized simply for the amount of extra labors they permitted onwards till vacations ceased with him entirely." "No consideration," testifies Sir William Fairbairn, "would induce him to forego the rigid discharge of the work of the diocese." And the Bishop of Chichester, formerly Archdeacon of Manchester, confirms this testimony: "Placed far above his fellows in intellectual capacity, with gifts which even the extremity of bodily weakness could not quench or even impair, he devoted himself entirely and without reserve to the labors of his office." People saw him driving into Manchester with his carriage and horses and purple liveries; but it was in no spirit of ostentation. If he lived out at Mauldeth Hall, a distance of some five or six miles, he had no alternative but to drive in; and drive he did to the moment, for he was one of the most punctual of men. He once told me himself that nothing would have pleased him so much as to have got a house in the very heart of Manchester; but only fancy a palace or a close in that city of mills and warehouses! Why, the *site* of one of the canon's houses—the house has long given way to a bazaar—realizes, I am told, nine hundred a year. The surroundings of the cathedral are warehouses, public buildings, and hotels.



Like most eminent schoolmasters, Prince Lee had great discernment of character. I never knew of more than one candidate for holy orders who managed to take him in, and it happened in this way. The young fellow had neglected his theological studies, although he had gone up to the university from a public school, and his hopes of passing were of the slenderest. Well, he was in for the terrible ordeal of a *viva-voce* before the bishop, who sat by with his watch on the table, for he had to minute each interview. The candidate had read, but not construed the Greek, and had made no false quantity. As he glanced across the table, he saw one of Westcott's or Lightfoot's books, I forget which, by the bishop's elbow. A happy thought struck him to ask the amount of authority due to these eminent writers. The bishop grew suddenly animated, his eye sparkled, and he poured out a torrent of appreciatory criticism. The youth, as in duty bound, listened with all humility. Lee glanced at his watch; the time was up, no question was asked, and the candidate was ordained.

I must find space for Dr. Westcott's last visit to Mauldeth. "The health of the bishop was already shaken, but his intellectual powers were never greater. In his intervals of leisure he returned to each old topic of interest. Now it was the famous variation in St. Luke ii. 14; now the almost prophetic character of Æschylus, on whom I happened to be busily working at the time; now a volume of sketches of old masters—in which he showed me the outline of Thorwaldsen's famous 'Night,' (owl and all) already given in a drawing, unless I am mistaken, by one of the Carracci; now it was the work of Arnold, on whom he delighted to dwell with loving admiration; now some aspect of diocesan labor in which he saw some bright promise of hope. One evening I can never forget. We had dined alone; there had been the usual rich variety of subjects in his conversation; playful quotations from Thucydides, and Aristophanes, and Virgil, in memory of school-days; a clear summary of the latest results of the explorations of Palestine; an estimate of the moral influence of Shakespeare, which to my surprise he judged somewhat unfavorably. As the evening closed in, the topics became graver; he spoke of some of the difficulties of belief, of future punishment, and in illustration of the instinctive promptings of the heart he quoted the words which he always called

some of the noblest ever written, "Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta;" of modern critical theories—and here only he allowed himself to use stern severity in condemning some untrained and hasty speculations. Then came a long and solemn pause, while his thoughts, I fancy, no less than mine, were pondering on the relation of Biblical controversies to the fulness of Christian faith. At last the bishop turned his eyes on me—they were overflowing with tears—with a look which clings to me now, and said only this,— 'Ah! Westcott, μή φάβομαι, μόνον πιστεύω.' The words have risen again and again before me in times of anxiety and doubt, charged forever with a new force; and what would I not give if I could convey to others the impression which they conveyed to me, crowning with the grace of complete self-surrender and childlike faith the character which through long years I had learnt to revere, for love, for power, for breadth, for insight, for justice, for sympathy."

He did not live to be old, but long enough to deplore the loss of friends all the more severely, because, considering what he was and what he might have been, he made comparatively so few. "I am suffering," he said, a short time before his death, "the Roman's curse: 'Si quis hos cineres violabit, ultimus suorum moriatur.'"

I was present the last time he attended his cathedral. His sight was fast failing him, and as he was coming down the chapter-house steps, he could not see where to place his foot. So I went out of my rank in the procession and offered him my arm; he took it and we walked in together. I shall never forget his grasp or the warmth of his thanks.

His last words were characteristic. "Oocleston [his physician] tells me I am in danger, but I can trust. God's love has been greater to me than mine to him, first at Rugby, then at Birmingham, and then in the grand work here." Manchester can never forget him. A church, simple but stately, near to where he lived, has been erected to his memory; but in addition to his munificence to public institutions he bequeathed his magnificent library to Owens College, now Victoria University. The college was then little more than in its infancy, and one can only imagine the boundless influence which such a man as Prince Lee would have exercised for its welfare, had his life been spared longer or the institution founded earlier.

## II.

## JAMES FRASER.

TWO men could hardly be less alike than James Prince Lee and James Fraser. Both were men of mark and scholars, Lee immeasurably the profounder, but the one was nervous and sensitive, arising out of natural temperament and enfeebled health; the other was buoyant, full of animal spirits, the results of a splendid constitution and active habits. Fraser was tall, erect in figure, shoulders broad and well thrown back, eye quick, step firm, complexion ruddy, with a look of singular frankness and geniality. He was, as I heard a clerical athlete described, "a rejoicing Christian, who would take a five-barred gate as soon as look at you." You felt drawn to him by his very glance. And yet it is certain that as a college don he had not a tithe of the influence over Oxford undergraduates that Prince Lee had over the lads of Rugby and Birmingham. The people of Lancashire took much more quickly to him than his brother fellows of Oriel, perhaps because there was nothing of the don about him. Lancashire men like their parson to be tall and good-looking. They admire a manly presence, and, above all things, pluck. They despise a cleric of the pale student or monkish type. They say that nothing gave the Staffordshire folk more respect for Bishop Selwyn than his thrashing three big colliers one after another for insulting some women. A pretty story is told of a little ballet-girl who, on returning late at night from Drury Lane, thought she found a protector in "a gentleman in a tall hat," and so she kept behind him all the way. I am sure there was not a woman in Lancashire who would not instinctively have felt a protector in the tall gentleman with the shovel hat. Why, they knew him as well as the postman or the policeman. They met him—overtake him they could not—striding into town at a pace that fairly took away other people's breath, but not his. And on he posted, exchanging kindly greetings with everybody. I have no doubt they were duly impressed by Bishop Lee as he drove by in his carriage, but here was a bishop who walked about everywhere, and positively carried his own bag! They "hatted" him, as I can testify from having followed him, although Lancashire is not very observant of etiquette, and they knew that he ought to be called "my lord," but it did not take long to show that he was a good deal more to them, in fact that he

was their friend. And friends he made of them, for he found opportunities, or had opportunities found for him. He had gatherings of railway men, canal men, pit-brow men, foundry men, brickmakers, scavengers, factory hands, all by their invitation, and he not only talked to them, but with them. And he met, amongst others, with the lessees, managers, and actors of the theatres, even with the little ballet-girls, and he conversed with them on the moral teaching of the stage and the need of making it better, but in such a way as to raise their moral tone and their self-respect. With Walter Scott he held that there was no one from whom you could not learn something. And so he got that boundless influence which every one felt; and whilst the learned would have gone to his predecessor on questions of criticism, the unlearned went to Fraser on the more practical difficulties arising from disputes between masters and men. Many compliments were paid him, none so true as when he was made the arbiter in a long-standing strike among the cotton-weavers.

The Lancashire folk are great readers of newspapers, and in the Saturday's papers there is nothing they look out for more keenly than the lists of preachers and services on the following Sundays. The bishop was a godsend to the papers, for not only did they advertise what he was going to do, but they duly reported all he did. Here is a pretty good list. "It is no uncommon thing to find him, within the space of twenty-four hours, speaking half-a-dozen times in as many different places, and ranging apart from a somewhat scanty theology over a field embracing such subjects as the evils of drunkenness, the statistics of crime, mischievous agitations, working hours, church collections, the evils of ignorance, young men's means of saving money, the evils of the licensing acts, and costly funerals." If the truth must be told, however, he talked too much, and on topics he could not possibly have studied, although, like Dr. Johnson, he picked up salient points at a glance. But old-fashioned folk did not care to hear him preach about social questions, and complained of a lack of gospel in his sermons. Once he was called, and that by a lady admirer, "a magnificent pagan." But a pagan in her sense he was not, as the following story shows.

He was on his way to preach in the neighborhood of Bolton-le-Moors, a wild moorland, tenanted by mill-hands and colliers, rough and uncouth, the pit-brow

women very unlike what they were pictured in the *Illustrated London News*. So, as the bishop strode along, he came to some by-roads and lost his way. Over-taking a collier returning from the pit, black and grimy, with his Davy lamp in his hand, he accosted him. "Can you tell me the way to Bolton, my man?" "Oy, mester," not looking up; "Aw'm bound part o' th' way mysen (self); and if tha' do'ant moind walking on wi' me, aw'll show thee a shorter cut." Then he surveyed the bishop from head to foot, gaiters and shovel hat, took his pipe out of his mouth (a sure sign of Lancashire politeness), and said, "Hand o'er thy bag, mester, aw'll carry it for thee." The bishop handed it over, when this conversation ensued.

COLLIER. I reckon fra yore cut, mester, yore summot high up i' th' Church. Whaw (who) may ye be, if aw may makken sa bold as ta ax?

BISHOP (*smiling*). Why, yes, I am, as you say, somewhat high up in the Church.

COLLIER. Whaw may ta be? Whaw art ta, mon?

BISHOP. Well, I'm the Bishop.

COLLIER. Well I niver! Thou art Lord Bishop, and walking alongside o' a common chap loike me!

BISHOP. And why shouldn't I?

COLLIER. Aw sees no reason, but aw reckon there isn't a deal of Lord Bishops as would; but mebbe if thou art Lord Bishop thou canst tell me th' road to heav'n.

BISHOP. I hope I can.

COLLIER. Aw'm none so sure; aw rayther misdoubt thee: thou wouldest not be axing me th' road to Bolton if thou know'd th' road to heav'n.

BISHOP. Why, you talk as if heaven were a long way off. Heaven, my friend, is within you. You and I are making our heaven if we are striving to fear and serve and love God, and to hate what is sinful. Did you never feel happier because your conscience was at peace—because you had spent a good day?

COLLIER. None so oft as aw ought. But thou must be a very happy mon if all aw hears o' thee be true.

BISHOP. Don't believe all you hear; we none of us do what we ought.

So the bishop and his companion walked on together till they came to a turn in the road, when the collier handed back the bag and the two parted; but not till he had asked: "Where art ta going to preach, my lord?—aw reckon aw mun ca' thee my lord—aw doant mind if aw go and hear thee."

The bishop told him; so the collier went home and tidied himself up, and not

only came to church himself but he brought a good many of his chums with him. His lordship took the conversation for the subject of his sermon, and preached a most telling one.

A somewhat similar story is told of Bishop Wilberforce. A young man flip-pantly put the same question to him, asking him the road to heaven. "Turn to the right," was the ready reply, "and keep straight on." Cardinal Cullen's answer to a youth who expressed his doubts about purgatory was not a bad one: "You might go further and fare worse."

No one need be surprised to hear that after an explosion of fire-damp, in which many lives were lost, first and foremost with the parson to help the bereaved relatives to identify the bodies was Fraser. It rather spoils this story to be told that within the year all the young widows got married again, but then every Lancashire lass has her lad.

But active and energetic as Fraser was, I must not let Mr. Bryce's assertion that he was the *first* of a new school of bishops, and that *no* bishop of our time has been so useful and popular, pass by. Surely Mr. Bryce must have heard of Bishop Wilberforce, whose popularity, eloquence, and activity were all known before Fraser was ordained; and ordained he was by the Bishop of Oxford. Comparisons, say the copy-books, are odious, and I will not make any; but there are Yorkshiremen and Lancashiremen, to say nothing of peers of Parliament and proctors of convocation, who can bear witness to Wilberforce's powers of fascination and to the ovations he received whenever he spoke in public.

But dull Fraser never could be, even in giving a charge, certainly not the liveliest opportunity for the display of rhetoric. Here is what his archdeacon (Anson) says of him: "When he was in the cathedral library before giving his first charge, the reporters who had seen his manuscript said that it would take from three to four hours in its delivery. I was in despair, for I knew I should have to sit facing the clergy, and how to sit still and not to fall asleep during some part of the time I could not conceive. We heard the clock strike four times; the bishop began before twelve and closed some time after three. But not only was I able to sit quietly and continue wide-awake the whole time, but I could have gone on listening for some time longer." I confess I cannot say the same even of Bishop Thirlwall's celebrated charge, but then it took *five* hours, and an

additional hour makes a good deal of difference in powers of endurance.

The following eloquent peroration to his sermon at Westminster Abbey, with its touching allusion to Stanley's illness and death, conveys so good an idea of what Fraser could do, that I need make no apology for inserting it.

*Times*, Monday, July 18th, 1881.

At the special Sunday evening service yesterday in Westminster Abbey, the nave was crowded, the preacher being the Bishop of Manchester. At the conclusion of his sermon the Bishop remarked that he had come there full of hope that his dear, honored, long-tried personal friend, Dean of that Abbey church, would have passed the crisis of a dangerous disease. Last night's bulletins raised those hopes. Since 4.30 that afternoon, he heard that his attack, always menacing, had taken a most unfavorable turn. All things were in God's hands, and perhaps even yet, in His goodness, He would avert what could be considered as nothing less than a calamity to the Church and the nation. For Arthur Penrhyn Stanley let an earnest prayer be put up by every one that night listening to him. High, and justly high, in the esteem of the gracious lady who swayed the sceptre of that nation, high in the esteem of all who influenced the thought of the world, the poets, the philosophers, the historians, the men of science, high in the esteem, not only of members of his own Church, but of all Christians who were untainted by bigotry or prejudice, who could admire a spotless and unblemished life, beneficent in its influence upon the society of this great city; known to and trusted by the working men of England, whose true friend he always tried to be; deep in the very heart of hearts of all his friends, without one personal enemy; dear with an inexpressible dearness to those of his own home, his kindred, and his dependants—every one who came within the reach of the warm heart and kindly love of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley asked, almost involuntarily, who could replace him if God took him away from them? He besought them to offer their prayers, while prayer might yet avail.

One of Fraser's most charming characteristics was his great simplicity of life. He hated luxury and extravagance, and positively groaned in spirit as he sat down to the dinners he was invited to with the idea of doing him honor. And so, because example is better than precept, he himself gave in return none but the plainest of meals; ample and plentiful, but with no waste. One day a guest was putting a knife and fork into a game pie when the host stopped him. "No, don't cut that till the other is finished." One Sunday when taking tea with a clergyman, the

servant brought him a fresh plate for jam. "No, thank you," said he, turning to the hostess and smiling, "my mother taught me to do with one plate at tea on Sunday."

It was the same love of simplicity that made him for a long time not keep a carriage. One very wet day he was walking on with an umbrella over his head; so a wealthy manufacturer stopped his carriage and persuaded the bishop to get up. "Why don't you keep a carriage yourself, my lord?" said the owner. "To teach simplicity of life," was the reply; "and how can I do that if I am ostentatious and luxurious myself?" Yet he dearly loved horses. "Why don't you hunt?" said some one to him. "Manchester people would not understand it," he replied. Yet I am sure he would have agreed with the Prince of Wales: "A parson's hunting depends on how he does his other duties." He must have been a very agreeable host; he had the delightful knack of putting you perfectly at your ease, and that charm of good breeding, which Bishop Wilberforce possessed to perfection, of making you his peer for the time being. "I once sat with him at dinner," says a well-known Lancashire parson, "and he saw me looking at Sir E. Millais's portrait of him which he got as a presentation; so he said 'What do you think of that picture?' 'I like it.' 'Now, what do you like about it?' 'I like its sad look.' 'But I am not a sad-looking man;' and at the moment he did look his brightest and best. I ventured to reply, 'You never saw yourself at a confirmation; it reminds me of you *then*.' He relapsed into thought for a moment or two, and *became* the striking likeness to the picture; then his face at once lit up and his hearty laugh returned. 'But he has given me such a shabby hat. Now, I am rather proud of my hats. But a man at the Academy, looking at the picture, was heard to say, 'Who is the old fellow with the bad hat?' " The critic was right, however; there was a pensive look in Fraser's face in spite of its brightness, as any one can see in the phototype which forms the frontispiece to Hughes's 'Life.' " A northern archdeacon was once his guest, with Bishop Selwyn of Lichfield. They came to attend a meeting on the liquor traffic, at which Fraser was in the chair. During the meeting a discussion, almost painful, sprang up between the chairman and the archdeacon, who was a vehement teetotaler, in which the bishop certainly did not come off best. Next day, I asked my friend how the evening passed off. "Any allusion to the scene?" "None

whatever; we drove home; he sent the servants to bed, made tea himself, and talked till near midnight." "What was the conversation?" "Conversation! why, there was none; he did all the talking himself; but so well and so pleasantly, on all sorts of subjects, that Bishop Selwyn and I only listened; we had not the least desire to put in a word. This morning I had a tap at my door, and in came Bishop Fraser. 'I have to reach a nine o'clock train, so you must look after your own breakfast. I just called to wish you good-bye, and to say that you are to consider these *your* rooms whenever you come to Manchester.'

The bishop's late and early walking hours gave him much of his sympathy with the poor and toiling classes. One night he returned to the Victoria Station by the last train, and found a poor girl sitting on her box, not knowing what to do, as all the cabs had left. The bishop's man was waiting for him, so between the two they took the young woman's box, and carried it to her destination, some obscure street in Salford. The little story was spread abroad, and long after the bishop's name became revered in that district of the poor. It was quite of a piece with the impression he made at his consecration, when, after a long and impressive service, as he was walking away a working man passed him, and touching his cap said, "God bless you, my lord!" When he reached home and related the incident, he confessed that, impressed as he was with the service, these simple words touched him more than all the rest.

It was generally believed that Fraser intended to resign after a certain number of years, but naturally his late marriage retarded this. One thing, however, is certain, that had he offered to do so, entreaties to remain at his post would have poured on him in hundreds and thousands. His doctor, a High Churchman, tried to persuade him to preach only once on the Sunday, and to attend the cathedral in state and give his benediction from the throne. He looked up laughing, and replied: "I don't do half the work you do. I know what you want. You want to put me in a mitre and cope to be stared at." His longings had always been to retire to the peaceful seclusion of some quiet country parish, like those in which his earlier days were passed. But it was not to be; even his indomitable strength and energy gave way before the incessant calls on him. Give in he would not, and so he died in harness. I know nothing more touching

than the removal of his remains from Bishop's Court. Places of business were closed, flags were mounted half-mast-high, bells tolled from a hundred steeples, corporations assembled with all the paraphernalia of office, representatives of every religious body, from the Roman Catholic prelate to the chief rabbi, went to see the last of the "bishop of all denominations," as he was called. And as the solitary hearse stopped at the cathedral gate, where it was met by the robed deans and canons, the sobs of the vast assembled crowd were heard above the sublime strains of the choir. The dean had at times felt it his duty to oppose his diocesan on matters ecclesiastical in convocation and elsewhere, but the day after Fraser's death, at a speech at the distribution of school prizes, he drew a picture, touching and eloquent, of his having just come away from the abode of death, where he beheld "those noble features in the calm and repose of the last sleep;" and the sad contrast when he had but two days before seen him in the cathedral, standing up in his own especial place — there looking ill and worn, but endeavoring with faltering voice to join in the psalms and hymns.

Some days after I was on the top of a tram that was to pass Bishop's Court. I was not quite sure of its whereabouts, so I asked a working man where it was. "I'll shew thee," said the man; "*there!*" he said, pointing to the gate. He could not say a word more for his tears.

More recently still a recumbent effigy of Bishop Fraser, placed in the chapel erected by his widow, has been unveiled by Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks. The likeness is striking, and on the brass plate is the following inscription by Dean Vaughan:

To the beloved memory of  
JAMES FRASER, D.D.,  
Bishop of Manchester,  
A man of singular gifts  
Both of nature and of the Spirit;  
Brave, true, devout, diligent,  
In labors unwearied;  
Who won all hearts by opening to them his own,  
And so administered this great diocese  
As to prove yet once more  
That the people know the voice  
Of a good shepherd,  
And will follow where he leads,  
This chapel has been erected.

Even now streams of men, women, and children may any day be seen passing along the south-east aisle of the cathedral, and pausing at the entrance to the Fraser chapel to take a sad look at the recumbent effigy of their beloved bishop.



As they stand there, eyewitnesses tell me, they are quite unable to restrain their tears, and their sobs may be plainly heard. Some are toil-worn fathers and mothers of families, rough and uncouth in appearance and manners, but their sympathetic reverence strikes observers as being as marked as that of devout Catholics at the shrines of saints. What chords he must have touched!

People whose wish is father to the thought speak of the waning influence of the Church of England. She does not engage the great intellects of the day. She does not keep abreast of the movements of the age. It would be idle to talk to such objectors of a Whewell, a Thirlwall, or a Wilberforce. But here were two nineteenth-century bishops, bishops of a newly created see, one with a European reputation for scholarship, the other of whom without exaggeration it was said "that he was the first citizen of his diocese, more influential than its political leaders or territorial magnates, not by his official dignity, but because the active duties of his post gave occasion for the display in a large sphere of the civic virtues he possessed: inexhaustible public spirit, untiring energy, perfect candor and honesty, quick and generous sympathy with every form of goodness."

I should like to know in what other age, or in what other communion, you could match two such men.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
GREY FUR.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A POOR GOVERNESS.

VI.

IN less than an hour the sledge was at the door, a rough concern of unpainted boards, but able to hold half-a-dozen people very comfortably. Hugo handed in Clara, and then got in opposite her. She feigned a little surprise, for they had not exchanged a word since her decision.

"Oh, are you coming too, after all? I thought you had made up your mind to travel by the diligence."

"Of course I am going if you are," he said gravely, and it seemed to her almost a little severely. "You did not surely think I was going to let you go through the forest alone with strangers?"

He himself had been a stranger to her only two days ago, but he did not seem to

remember this, nor did she. A great many things can happen in two days, and a journey of this kind is sometimes equal to weeks or even months of conventional intercourse.

There were two other passengers besides themselves, a small, highly colored man with a great deal of fur about him, and a lanky, red-nosed individual wearing a shabby green overcoat. The ill-favored Jew took the reins, and they drove away.

The snow had now ceased falling, probably because there was not any more to fall, and the sun was now free to shine out again, relieving the monotony of the snow-clad landscape by diamond and crystal touches.

Leaving the highroad soon after passing the village, the sledge struck into a side track over a desolate plain leading in the direction of the large pine forest which loomed black in the distance. A rough cart-track at other times, but to-day the road was smooth and even, as though carpeted by the richest velvet. The air was keen but pleasant, for there was not a breath of wind, and after the confined travelling of the two past days the change was welcome.

Clara enjoyed it as she leaned back in the sledge, and thought over the events of the last two days. She felt so sure and safe near this tall, grave man, who from the first moment had assumed such a tone of protecting authority over her, and she was fain to confess that it was very sweet to be cared for and protected in this manner, she who had never yet had any one to care for and protect her. Her childish assumption of independence had been no more than an innocent piece of coquetry, for no delicate-minded girl likes to surrender to a man after so short an acquaintance. Now that she had leisure to think she felt no doubt that her answer to that question, interrupted just now in the stage-coach, would be yes; but yet she preferred that this all-important yes should be spoken rather to-morrow than to-day, and was not sorry for the presence of those two other passengers, which rendered impossible all intimate conversation.

Hugo on his part did not seem to appreciate so highly the society of his fellow-travellers; more especially the red-nosed man in the green coat he eyed suspiciously, receiving his efforts at conversation with icy politeness, and failing even to be touched by his evident solicitude for the comfort and warmth of his companion, forever fidgeting with the rugs and blankets, and inquiring a dozen times in the



first half-hour whether the lady were quite comfortably seated, or if the gentleman were not in danger of freezing.

Soon the forest was reached, and they were speeding along between rows of sombre fir-trees, standing straight and close together like soldiers drawn up for battle. Every branch was piled up thick with furry snow, and now and then a twig discharged its contents on their heads as they drove along. Clara had to shake her fur cap repeatedly to free it from the snowy burden. Sometimes as she did so, her eyes sought Hugo's gaze with a confidential expression.

"See! my head is oppressed with the weight of diamonds," she said once, as brushing against a low, overhanging branch the clustering fringe of icicles detached itself with a crisp sound as of broken glass, and came raining down thickly over her head and shoulders.

Despite his ill-humor, Hugo Weyprecht was betrayed into a genuine laugh as she thus appealed to him with irresistible merriment.

"And now your fortune is all gone," he said, bending forward and helping her to brush away the broken diamonds that were clinging all over the gray astrachan fur.

Then Clara laughed, delighted at feeling that she had a secret in common with him, and her laugh rang out so clear and joyous through the frosty air, that the little furland man laughed also without knowing why, which made Clara and Hugo laugh again, because they alone had the clue to all this merriment. Only the red-nosed man did not laugh, perhaps because he failed to perceive any point in the joke, but went on fidgeting with the blankets as before.

All the undergrowth of little fir-bushes was buried many inches deep in snow, their outlines totally effaced, or only barely indicated by a slight excrescence in the ermine carpet. Of a sudden the sledge made a violent lurch out of the track, there was a bound, a scuffle, and then the four passengers found themselves struggling in the snow. The driver had apparently mistaken the track, and driven them right over one of the buried bushes which had thus caused the overthrow.

Hugo's first care was to disentangle Clara from her position; the next was to feel for his revolver.

"It is gone!" he exclaimed in dismay, drawing out his hand from the empty pocket. "It must have fallen out here. It cannot be far off," and together with

the red-nosed and obliging fellow-passenger he proceeded to search the premises. But in vain. The revolver was not to be found, not in the snow, not in the sledge, nor in the surrounding bushes.

"You villain!" now exclaimed Hugo, addressing the squinting coachman. "I do believe this is your doing. You upset us on purpose. Where is my revolver?"

"Wai! Wai!" moaned the Hebrew, who was sitting on a tree stump rocking his body to and fro with an agonized expression. "Can the noble gentleman suspect poor old Isaac of upsetting the sledge on purpose, when he has nearly killed himself in wishing to serve the noble *pan*\* and the beautiful lady? Wai! Wai! May I never scent garlic again if my poor old bones are not broken! and all for serving the noble gentleman!"

Neither threats nor persuasion could extract anything further from the man, and no amount of search produced the missing revolver. With a moody brow Hugo at last ordered the Jew to drive on, warning him severely against any repetition of the like tricks.

It seemed, however, as if his suspicions had been without foundation, as for upwards of three hours they drove on without further interruption. There was no more laughing and joking, but unconsciously Hugo relaxed his vigilant attitude. In less than two hours they might hope to reach the town.

The forest had now become very dark, for here the stems were of gigantic size, and the afternoon was already well advanced. Nothing was there to be seen on either side, but the pine stems retreating in endless vista.

Hugo had turned his head to gaze at the blood-red glory of the winter sun, showing at one point between the trunks, when suddenly the sledge came again to a standstill, but without overturning this time. The driver began to descend from his seat very slowly.

"What is the matter?"

"Gracious gentleman, I think the left horse has got a stone in his hoof."

"Not very likely, in this deep snow," objected Hugo.

"Then perhaps it may be a twig," Isaac admitted, "but lame he assuredly is. May my only daughter never know happiness again if there is not something inside the hoof."

"Make sharp about it, then."

But the Jew did not seem inclined to

\* Gentleman.

make sharp. He moved as if cramped by rheumatism in every limb, probably on account of his late mishap, and then feebly set to work, alternately scraping and hammering at the horse's hoof, all the while loudly lamenting that he had ruined a good horse as well as breaking his own bones in the service of the gentleman.

"If you do not drive on at once I shall beat you to a jelly," at last roared Hugo, losing all patience; so, trembling sorely, the Jew remounted the driver's seat. He took another two minutes, however, to get fairly settled in his place, and was still fumbling with the reins when the passengers became aware that the sledge was surrounded by half-a-dozen men, who had silently emerged from behind the giant stems.

"Wai! Wai!" shrieked the Jew, throwing down the reins. "We shall be murdered and robbed. Wai! Wai!"

"Drive on in God's name!" roared Hugo with stentorian voice, but the luckless coachman, apparently paralyzed by terror, could do nothing but rock his body and moan, "Wai! Wai!"

"Give us your money, good gentlemen, and we shall do you no harm," said the foremost of the band, advancing to the side of the sledge, while two others had planted themselves in front of the horses, and two others were busying themselves in cutting through the ropes by which Clara's trunk was secured behind the sledge. "We are poor devils who are dying of hunger and have no other way of getting our bread."

Clara, trembling like an aspen leaf, had now clutched hold of Hugo's arm.

"I am frightened," she murmured into his ear. "Take care of me now,—and always!"

"I will," he answered very low.

"Give me your money," now repeated the foremost robber, addressing himself more particularly to Hugo, and putting out his hand as though to assist him in unbuckling his coat.

Hugo had grown rather pale, but did not for a moment lose his presence of mind. Clara's little hand was still clasping his arm.

"My fine fellows," he said, addressing the robbers in fluent Russian, "we are in your power, it seems, and resistance would be foolish. It is your good luck and our bad luck which has brought us here to-day. The only one among us who has any money is this young lady, and she will give it to you, I am sure, if you will not molest her further, and let us drive on

quietly. Permit me," he said to Clara, gently disengaging his arm from her clinging grasp; and to her stupefaction he now proceeded to take the fur cap off her head. "Here is the cap; you will find the money sewed into the lining. You do not believe me?" as the robber shook his head suspiciously. "See if I do not speak the truth," and he ripped up a portion of the lining disclosing the rainbow-colored banknotes to the amount of seven hundred roubles.

The man now eagerly grasped the cap, and his companions bent over him examining the booty; the two men holding the horses relaxed their grasp for a moment, afraid of coming too short in the *partage*.

Hugo saw his opportunity, and quick as lightning he had swung himself on to the driver's seat, and snatched the reins from the moaning Jew. One stroke of the whip had caused the horses to plunge violently, and then start off at a headlong pace, which soon left the robbers far behind, quarrelling loudly over the contents of Clara's fur cap.

Not for full ten minutes did Hugo relax his speed. He urged on the beasts to their utmost strength, lashing them unmercifully till their sides were streaked with bloody foam.

The four other occupants of the sledge had been paralyzed at the rapidity of his movement. The Jew did not attempt either excuse or explanation, nor did he try to regain hold of the reins; the red-nosed man sat staring open-mouthed before him, having even forgotten to button up his coat; and the fur-clad man was shaking as though with a fit of ague.

As to Clara, stupefaction is far too weak a word to express her sensations. Utterly terrified as she had been at sight of the bandits, her annihilation had been complete at Hugo's unexpected and inexplicable treachery. To think that a man, who had all but acknowledged his love for her only a few hours previously, should thus coolly have sacrificed her at the first danger, was incredible. On the part of any man to act so towards a helpless young girl would be vile, on his part it was simply monstrous. The mariner who in calm weather feels his trusty ship go down without warning, or the man who beholds a faithful dog suddenly metamorphosed into a roaring lion, could not be more dumfounded than was Clara, as with blanched face and wild dilated eyes she gazed unseeing before her. Her hair, loosened from its hold as Hugo had removed the cap, had fallen in long, untidy

coils over her shoulders; the little curls on her forehead were lifted by the air as they flew through the gloomy forest.

At last the furious driver relaxed his speed and drew up the panting horses.

"Shame, shame!" now ejaculated the tall and the short stranger as with one breath, while the latter added, —

"So to betray a young lady, a beautiful young lady, and after she had concealed her money so cleverly that no robber on earth could ever have found it!"

Hugo Weyprecht was apparently a very hardened ruffian indeed, for he betrayed absolutely no sign of remorse or embarrassment; rather his face assumed a shade of extra *hauteur* as he said, shrugging his shoulders, —

"Every one must shift for himself in such cases, and charity begins at home. I have done nothing illegal; if the robbers had not got money they might have used violence." Then, turning to the Jew beside him, he added, "Get down; I can dispense with your further services, and shall drive myself."

The Jew after a feeble resistance obeyed, but not without much plaintive wailing. And how should poor old Isaac find his way home with his broken bones at this hour of day? And who would ever restore to him his precious sledge and his valuable horses, which were all he had to live upon?

"The sledge and horses will be deposited with the town authorities," explained Hugo, "where you can fetch them to-morrow. As to you, sir," he continued, turning to the tall, red-nosed stranger, "be likewise good enough to relieve us of your company."

"May I ask by what right?" said the man, beginning to bluster. "I have paid my place in the sledge as well as you."

"Very well," said Hugo unmoved, "you may remain if you are prepared to accompany me to the police office the moment we reach K——."

The man looked crestfallen, and muttering imprecations he began to get out.

"I thought so," said Hugo grimly. His eye now rested for a moment on the furdad man, with an expression of doubt.

"Perhaps the noble gentleman would be glad to get rid of me as well?" he said with a sneer. "It would be pleasanter to drive all alone with the beautiful young lady whom you have just robbed, would it not? Sorry I cannot oblige you, and I am not to be scared away by the threat of the police office. Why should I be? My passport is all in order; here it is at your

service. Gregor Dimitroff, *commis voyageur*, travelling to K——, with specimens of plated watch-chains."

"You can remain," said Hugo with a frown; then turning to Clara, in the same commanding tone of voice, "Take this handkerchief and tie it about your head. You will catch cold with your head uncovered."

Mechanically she obeyed him, far too much terrified to resist this terrible man, who somehow compelled obedience by the mere sound of his voice.

In a minute the sledge, lightened of two occupants, was speeding on again, and only when emerging from the forest shades on to an open space, with the lights of the town shining before him, did Hugo somewhat slacken the pace.

Not a word more had been exchanged between the three inmates of the sledge when they drew up in the courtyard of a large hotel in the suburbs of the town.

Hugo now sprang from the box with a long-drawn sigh of relief, and eagerly held out his hand to assist Clara in getting out, but affecting not to see his movement, she stepped out at the opposite side and hurried past him without vouchsafing one glance.

Her limbs were cramped from the long sitting posture, so that was perhaps the reason why she twice stumbled on entering the broad lighted corridor. Clara frowned a little and shook her head as though impatient of her own weakness. She would walk quite straight and quietly till she reached a room, she told herself, and then she would sit down for a little. Her head was whirling so strangely, and large fiery globes seemed to be dancing before her eyes; but he must not be allowed to guess how her knees were shaking, and she tightly closed her mouth to prevent her teeth from clattering against each other. Oh yes! she could walk upstairs, she answered to an obsequious waiter who approached her with a question. No help, thank you; she felt quite strong, and then Clara clutched at the banister and fell senseless in a fainting-fit.

## VII.

WHEN Clara recovered consciousness she was lying in bed in a strange room, and a good-natured chambermaid was standing over her.

"Thank Heaven, my dear young lady, that you are coming to again," she said in German. Then, as Clara sat up in bed wildly, and clutched her hand with a scared expression, "Do not be afraid, you are

quite safe. This is the hotel, and I am the chambermaid. I was once in service with a German lady."

"Are there no robbers?" repeated Clara.

"None, none, my dear; the gentleman told me what a fright you have had. No wonder it has upset you. And the poor gentleman, your brother, I am thinking, has been in such a dreadful way ever since. I promised to let him know as soon as you opened your eyes." And she rose to go to the door, but again Clara clutched hold of her hand with an expression of positive terror.

"No, no! not that," she gasped. "He must not come, promise me that he shall not come! I can never see him again, never, never! It would kill me."

"Very well, my dear," said the chambermaid, who felt rather puzzled, and was of opinion that the pretty young lady must be just a little off her head with fatigue and terror. "Just as you please; no one shall come in here to-night, and to-morrow when you have slept you will be all right again."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Clara.

"Nearly ten o'clock."

"And how long have I been here?"

"More than two hours. You fell down fainting on the staircase and the gentleman lifted you up and carried you in here."

"He carried me?" said Clara, turning scarlet. "How could he? Why did you let him? But he must not come, he must not come!" she repeated, with a return of her former excitement.

By degrees Clara suffered herself to be pacified and persuaded into swallowing a little food, after which she relapsed into a deep dreamless slumber, from which she only wakened late on the following morning.

Her first inquiry was about Hugo, and she was much relieved to hear that he had gone out very early and would not be back until after midday. He must not find her here when he returned; she was determined that he should have no clue by which to find her again; so, taking her two little gold earrings out of her ears, the only thing of value she had remaining, Clara left them on the table with a pencil note to say that she gave them to cover the expense of her food and bed. Then, at a moment when she found herself unobserved, she slipped down the staircase and out into the street.

She had while dressing rapidly reviewed her position, and resolved to seek an en-

gagement as governess or companion in this place. She must do something to keep herself from starving, for here she was actually without a farthing in the wide world, hundreds of miles away from her own country, without a friend in this large, strange city.

The town itself was not of colossal size, though it appeared so to her eyes. Preparations for one of those large annual fairs, which transform some Russian and Polish provincial towns into the semblance of a bustling capital during the week or fortnight of its duration, were filling the streets of K— with strangers of all ranks and descriptions, and lending a fictitious animation to the usually quiet place; consequently Clara's exit from the hotel passed unnoticed, and she was quickly swallowed up in the stream of life around.

In broken Russian she contrived to ask her way to two different offices where a register was kept of servants' situations, but in the first of these she had been desired to come back in a fortnight, and in the second one, requested to deposit a fee for inscribing her name on the list of governesses or companions seeking places.

Most people regarded her with suspicion, as the peculiar sight of a young lady elegantly attired in fur-trimmed jacket, but wearing no hat, attracted attention. Many turned round in the street to look at her, and more than once tried to accost her with insolent freedom.

As Clara walked along she now and then glanced nervously over her shoulder to make sure that the dreaded figure of her faithless lover was nowhere in sight, but these fears were groundless, for strange faces only met her on every side. After wandering about in a fruitless fashion for several hours she was utterly worn out and disheartened, not having even found a place where she could sit down to rest.

She peeped in through the plate-glass window of a large draper's shop filled with bustling customers and obsequious shopmen. One of the latter looked at her with a familiar leer which sent the blood to her cheeks, and caused her to move quickly on.

The next house was a handsome palatial residence, in front of which stood a swelling porter in splendid green and gold livery, leaning on his staff of office. Clara stood still for a moment, and her lips formed a trembling question as to whether she might not come in and sit down for a little.

The great man had apparently not understood, for after favoring her with a very supercilious stare he gave utterance to the monosyllabic question, —

"What?"

The young girl repeated her words more audibly, which had the effect of causing the magnificent individual to regard her a little more closely, before unclosing his lips to a second equally laconic question, —

"Why?"

"Because I am tired," would have been the natural answer, but the porter's face looked so very far from encouraging that Clara attempted no reply, but with a sigh of disappointment turned away.

Was there really no place in this large roomy town where a weary girl could rest? Not a chair, not a bench where she had the right to sit down for ten minutes? Yes, surely in every town, in every country there is one house ever open to the homeless and the wanderer — the house of Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest;" and Clara, having espied the Byzantine portico of a Russian Greek church in a side street, bent her steps thither with a feeling of something like relief.

The church door, as usual in those parts, was the rendezvous for a gregarious assemblage of beggars, who, grouped upon the steps in attitudes more or less picturesque, endeavored to show off their several infirmities to the best possible advantage.

Clara turned away shuddering from the open sores on a boy's arm, only to meet the bloodshot and horribly inflamed orbs of a white-bearded man fixed imploringly upon her.

"A kopek, my pretty lady, only a kopek, for the love of God; I am dying of hunger," now moaned a whining voice in her ear, and turning she perceived the ghastly and emaciated face of a girl scarcely older than herself, evidently far gone in consumption.

All at once Clara seemed to understand that there were more wretched people than herself in the world, deeper depths of poverty than what she had ever dreamt of, and instinctively she put her hand in her pocket.

Half-a-dozen pairs of arms were held out towards her, and half-a-dozen faces turned expectantly in her direction, but the hand came out of the pocket empty.

"I have nothing," she exclaimed, remembering with a shock her own state of

destitution, and realizing that she was quite unable to confer anything on these poor wretches.

"Nothing," she repeated sadly, "at least nothing but this," and dropping her grey fur muff into the hand of the pale young girl, Clara entered the church.

The interior of this place of worship was like all Greek churches, by means of pillars and arches divided off into the different sections respectively reserved for the priest, the male and the female portion of the congregation. It was in this latter outside division that Clara took her place, sinking down exhaustedly on to the first bench which came in her way.

The narrow grated windows let in but a dim and mysterious twilight, so that coming from the open daylight Clara was at first hardly able to distinguish the objects around; but by degrees, her eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, numerous forms and figures seemed to start up out of the obscurity around. Grinning, threatening devils were lurking in every corner, and quaint Byzantine saints, with pale golden aureole and shadowy palm-branches, smiled serenely upon her from out each vaulted niche.

At another time Clara might have cared to walk round the building and examine the curious fresco paintings, by means of which the Greek Oriental Church endeavors to make intelligible to illiterate humanity the rewards and punishments of a future state. Just now, however, she was too weary, too foot and heart sore to have other thought but one of thankfulness for the sense of reprieve and peace which began to steal in upon her. By-and-by she would have to go out again into the noisy, bustling street, but not until she had rested and gathered strength to battle anew with the world, and meanwhile she was here quite safe and secure.

The church was deserted, for the hour of service was past, and only a faint odor of incense hung about the atmosphere.

Clara leaned back luxuriously against the hard wooden bench, and thought she had never been seated so softly in her life. With lazy enjoyment her eye rested on a picture on the piece of wall just opposite to her. It represented a pale-faced, long-limbed saint, holding a fat woolly lamb in his arms; and as she sat here, plunged in a sort of day-dream, this image got somehow entwined with her thoughts.

She had a great deal to think over, for this was the first quiet moment she had enjoyed since starting on her journey, and



so much had happened within the last week that no wonder she felt a little dazed, and found it difficult to obtain a clear view of the situation. The death of her little pupil, her sudden dismissal from Count Froloff's family, the meeting with Hugo Weyprecht, and the rapid growth of their intimacy up to the moment of his unexpected treachery—all these she thought over in turn, dwelling principally on the last most painful point. How could she have been so deceived in him? and yet how impossible not to be deceived! He had looked so upright, so honest, so trustworthy. How could falsehood look so like truth? treachery so like honesty? She had trusted him so implicitly, and why? as she now asked herself. For no logical reason at all, she recognized, merely because he had a pair of steady-looking brown eyes, and a grave, thoughtful smile. After all she knew nothing of this man to whom she had been ready to surrender her heart; and passing over in review every word of his, she wondered that it had never struck her before how very reticent he had been about himself and his business. She had talked and he had listened, but had given little or no information about himself beyond mentioning that he was a native of Hamburg and had been living some years in Russia; but where, or in what capacity, he had failed to say. They had discussed Schiller and Goethe, Beethoven and Mozart, Canova and Thorwaldsen together, and on each of these subjects he had shown himself to be well-informed and intelligent, but she had been unable to form a conjecture as to the particular branch of science, trade, or art, to which he himself belonged. She saw it all now clearly, and only marvelled how she could have been so blind before. Was not this abnormal reticence about himself proof positive of his guilty intentions? In her tardy clear-sightedness it seemed to Clara that no explanation was too monstrous of the part Hugo Weyprecht had played towards her; perhaps he himself was in league with the brigands, and had all along intended to rob her of her earnings! That he had admired her was evident, but he had no doubt merely sought to enliven the monotony of a tiresome journey by a passing flirtation, and had thrown her over without compunction at the first necessity.

Some women might have thought of applying to justice, and endeavoring to recover the lost property by bringing an action against the man who had caused the loss, but such a course did not even

occur to Clara. Her only wish was never to meet him again, and, if possible, forget him.

As soon as she had rested sufficiently she would resume her task of service-seeking. She must find some engagement before nightfall if she did not wish to beg her bread in the street. But she was not yet rested enough by any means, and must sit here a little longer. She felt so comfortable, so safe in this secluded sanctuary, with its incense-scented atmosphere, and that pale-faced saint with the great calm eyes keeping watch over her. By-and-by her weary eyes began to close, and Clara had fallen asleep in the corner of the church bench.

#### VIII.

CLARA had slept for more than an hour, and the short winter day began to close in around her. Out there in the street it was still light, but it was very dark within the church, and the figures on the wall could scarcely be distinguished. Still she slept on, and was dreaming of the dreary pine forest when a voice struck in upon her ear.

"Clara, Clara!" it said.

With an effort she raised her heavy lids still drunk with sleep; then, vaguely remembering where she was, closed them again. This was the church, she recollected, and that was the picture opposite.

"Clara!" repeated the voice, louder this time.

She opened her eyes again, not yet realizing who was speaking to her. There stood the saint in front of her with the woolly lamb in his arms, but his eyes looked deeper and fiercer now, and he seemed to have stepped out of his niche and to be coming quite close up to her.

"Clara!" it said a third time, and then she started to her feet with a cry of dismay, fully awakened at last.

No Byzantine saint this, pale and shadowy, that stood before her; but a man of flesh and blood, with deep, impassioned eyes, holding a grey fur muff in his hand.

"Have you come here to persecute me?" she cried wildly. "Could you not have left me here in peace?"

"Clara!" said Hugo, taking hold of her hand, "I do not understand you. You must hear me, you must let me explain."

"Never," she replied, shuddering. "There is nothing to explain. If you have any pity go away, and never let me see you again."

"I shall go," said Hugo, turning rather pale and dropping her hand, "but not till

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I have spoken. I have a right to be heard."

"What do you want? Why have you come in here?" she said faintly.

"First of all, in order to give you back your muff," he said, laying it down on the bench beside her. "Your cap, unfortunately, it is not in my power to restore. Secondly, to pay my debt."

He drew out a large pocket-book filled with Russian bank-notes. "Seven hundred roubles, was it not, of which you were robbed? Here they are."

Clara now looked at him almost as stupidly as she had looked at the moment of the robbery.

"I do not understand," she stammered. "Then why did you — why?"

"Why did I betray you to the robbers? Why did I suffer your savings thus ruthlessly to be seized upon? That was quite simple. I merely sacrificed a small sum to save a large one, and used your money as a decoy in order to detract attention from myself. I had been entrusted with eight hundred thousand roubles from the head of my firm for carrying through an important negotiation. Had I been searched the sum must inevitably have been found upon me and lost, and my future compromised. I had no time to apprise you of my intention, the danger was too great, and a word might have betrayed me. Besides, I had fancied — I hoped — that you understood me well enough to have trusted me. Is it possible that you should have judged me wrong, and that it was from me you tried to hide yourself?"

Clara covered her face with both hands.

"Oh, what a fool I have been! I see it all now," she stammered. Then, raising her head, "But how did you find me here? I thought that in here I should be quite safe from detection."

"You could not hide from me, my darling. My eyes would have found you out wherever you were; but it was this blessed little grey fur muff which led me to your hiding-place. For over two hours I had been running about the streets looking for you, when in passing this church door I espied your muff in the hand of a beggar girl. Blessed, blessed, blessed little muff!" exclaimed Hugo, snatching it up again and pressing his lips upon it with passionate rapture. "And now, Clara, now, am I to go away?"

Half an hour later the young couple came out of the church where they had plighted their troth under the eyes of that quaint Byzantine saint. Pausing at the

threshold they were surrounded by the clamorous begging of the mendicants assembled in the portico, and as over-great happiness ever makes the heart softly disposed towards all fellow-creatures, it was with a free and lavish hand that Hugo Weyprecht threw his largess amongst the crowd. Then, taking Clara's arm within his own, they passed out together into the busy street, followed by the blessings of the lame, the maimed, and the blind.

E. GERARD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.\*

BY LORD COLERIDGE.

It is so many years since I addressed an audience from this place, that, though once well known to the citizens of Exeter, I speak to you now almost a stranger. The last time I stood here I was perhaps the oldest, and certainly not the least loyal or least admiring friend of your president, Sir Stafford Northcote; to-day I occupy his place. No man could stand here after what has passed without grave thoughts of the pathos of life and the irony of hope; but what Wordsworth calls "the trite reflections of mortality," the inevitable bit of Burke as to "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," have already been delivered by a great man to a great assembly; and I will not repeat them.

Yet it will not be, I hope, unfitting that I, his friend, and who, if I may quote a phrase of my own, now occupy the place he once filled, should try to interest you by some few words about the man whom you honored by electing as your president, and who (let me say) did you honor by accepting your election. I succeeded him, and address you for the first time as your president. I will try to tell you something of the president you have lost.

When we know any one very well we are scarcely ever satisfied with the account or the estimate of him given by another; and perhaps part of the charm of consummate biographies, such as Southey's "Life of Nelson" or Stanley's "Life of Arnold," arises from the fact that we do not know, except through the artist's work, the subject of his labor. I can believe that those who knew Lord Nelson well might have something to

\* An address delivered to the Exeter Literary Society.

say of Southey's imperfections. I did know Dr. Arnold, though but slightly; and Stanley's life, though no one can recognize its remarkable ability more cordially than I, will not, I think, quite justly and completely convey to posterity the great man I remember. Each small contribution from this side and from that, a speech, an essay, an address, a letter, the recollection of a conversation, each, if a sincere utterance and intended to tell the truth, is valuable to a biographer or historian as a stone or a brick to be used in some part, prominent or obscure, of the edifice he is building. Some such humble contribution it may be possible to make to the story of the life of Sir Stafford Northcote which is certain to be written.

I knew him from a child, but my first intimate association with him was at school at Eton. And it is remarkable, on looking back to those days, how much he remained the same in his main characteristics, moral and intellectual, from the beginning of his life to the end. After a few, a very few, light-hearted transgressions of discipline (for they were nothing more, and corrected, as Dr. Keate corrected everything, by the rod) he settled down to a course of steady but not excessive or unhealthy industry. In those days, I speak of the decade between 1830 and 1840, the curriculum of Eton was undoubtedly narrow and defective. But at least, what was taught was well worth teaching, and was taught excellently and thoroughly. The more perfect idea of a great educational seminary had not then taken shape. The masters taught us Latin and Greek, and did not teach us pulling and cricket. The Duke of Newcastle had recently founded and endowed a scholarship for the best scholar the school could annually produce; and the masters had not founded prizes for running and leaping and walking, and other natural or unnatural athletics. The Newcastle scholar, strange as it may sound to the present generation, was as much thought of in the school, as the captain of the boats or the captain of the eleven. The answer of a distinguished Devonshire nobleman to a public commission, that it would not be against a boy at Eton to be a Newcastle scholar if he was also a fair proficient in some athletic pursuit, could not then have been given with truth, as no doubt it was when the noble earl gave it. It seemed in those days to be the idea that the river and the playing-fields presented sufficient attractions of themselves; and that there was no need for the author-

ities to urge on the boys to games and amusements of which they were tolerably certain, without such encouragement, to be quite fond enough. Yet they pulled, they played cricket, they played hockey and fives and football, not perhaps with the fierce enthusiasm and profound science of the present time, yet well enough to do themselves a great deal of good in the way of manly self-reliance and healthy exercise. They could put a boat through the water at a good pace against a swift stream; they could knock balls about in what seemed good style; they could beat Westminster (I speak as an Eton man); they could hold their own against Winchester and Harrow.

Into this Eton of 1830 Sir Stafford Northcote entered as a boy, and soon became distinguished both as a scholar and as an adept in the games which scholars then pursued. He was a good oar, a good hockey-player, and a remarkably fast runner. In some other games his short sight stood in his way. Then, as always, he was conspicuous for the singular facility with which everything he did was done. A sound scholar, with a graceful and accurate command of such Greek and Latin as Eton boys were familiar with, he never seemed to be taking trouble or expending labor. Everything was done almost as a matter of course, and he seemed always to have leisure for games, for walks, for talks, for all those things which make life pleasant without making it useless. He had time for everything, and everything was well done. This reputation followed him to Oxford, where, with Arthur Hugh Clough for his fellow-scholar, he won a scholarship at Balliol, a prize as eagerly coveted in those days as in these, and subjecting the scholar to a discipline in lecture and out of lecture which I believe no one has undergone but has felt it to his great advantage in his whole after life. There, too, he obtained a classical first-class and some distinction in mathematics, without any one being aware that he was reading hard, and with no apparent serious interference with the social and other pleasures of the place.

This was from no affected ostentation of a disregard for the distinctions of the university. Sir Stafford Northcote was not a man who made up for studied negligence in public by keeping himself awake on strong green tea, and reading half the night with a wet towel round his head. The simplicity of his nature would have recoiled from such silly and danger-

ous vanity. But then, as always, the quickness of his apprehension, the clearness and method of his mind, the ease and felicity with which he could reproduce what he had digested and assimilated, enabled him to attain success with an amount of labor which was the admiring despair of his friends and the wonder of those who saw him only as the delight of wine-parties for his humorous stories, his genial playfulness, his hearty enjoyment of the fun, the brightness, and the wisdom of others, which (so far as young men are capable of such things) make college life a joy in the present, and a rich storehouse of good and happy thoughts in the past.

Such as he was when he left Oxford, such he remained in all the main outlines of his character till the very end of his life; and although, of course, lapse of years told upon him as on other men, ripening his judgment, strengthening his oratory, developing his intellect, still he remained at sixty-eight very much what he was at twenty-eight, except that he was an old man instead of a young. He was a character who exemplified in life the precept of Horace as to fiction:—

Servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et cibi constet.

It follows from what I have already said that with the ordinary and greatest Greek and Latin writers he was familiar. Not that he was ever so learned a scholar as Mr. Gladstone or Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Lowe or, above all, Sir George Cornwall Lewis; but he knew his classics as Mr. Canning or Mr. Pitt or Sir Robert Peel knew them; and they formed the occasion of a pleasant controversy between the young Northcote and the aged Wellesley; in which, as was natural, the larger reading of the old marquis was able to defend with success the classical authority of a Latin word which the young Oxford man had ventured to question.\* I cannot speak of his knowledge of German or Italian, but he had an unusually wide acquaintance with French literature; so wide and deep that I should suppose few living Englishmen excelled or even equalled him. His knowledge of English literature, both old and recent, was very great indeed; and if he did not always admire what I do, nor as I do, this is nat-

ural in such matters, and though, as every one else does, I think my taste right, he probably thought just the same of his taste, and very likely upon grounds just as good. Having said this, I may add, merely as my own opinion, that I do not think he appreciated fully works of high imagination, and that he hardly felt refinement of style, melody of language, subtlety of expression, as much as many men I have known far his inferiors in intellectual power and general cultivation. I should myself say that it was the same as to art. Perhaps he had not given time to it; perhaps he could not give the time; perhaps it did not seem to him worth the trouble and the study which a real and thorough comprehension of fine art, as of everything really great and profound, requires of a man who wishes fully to comprehend it. He knew much about it, in a general way he admired it; but, to say the very truth, he always seemed to me, as he was somewhat deaf to the highest strains in literature, so to be somewhat blind to the sublimest and most exquisite creations of the painter or sculptor. Remember, that in saying this I feel entirely that he would probably have said something in kindly disparagement of the taste of his critic, if he had lived and thought it worth while to criticise him.

Of his English style you have yourselves had examples and can judge as well as I; and we have to thank Lady Iddesleigh for a volume of his papers, full of interest, excellent as pieces of literature, handling a variety of topics with that easy mastery difficult to attain, but delightful to those for whose benefit it is exercised; different altogether from the superficial cleverness of the sciolist, and suggesting always that the sources of it are unexhausted, and in every page of them, if I may quote a phrase of Lady Iddesleigh's own, "reflecting his clear judgment, and his gentle, unprejudiced mind." The range of the volume is very wide; from political economy and the closing of the exchequer by Charles the Second to nothing.

Intervalla videt humani commoda.

Yet all the subjects receive fresh and apposite illustration from his large knowledge, his playful wit and fancy, his serene and impartial understanding; and the papers appear to me to hit the exact and happy medium between learned and exhaustive dissertations, which would have been entirely out of place, and those merely superficial addresses which wile

\* The word was *littus*, which Sir Stafford Northcote maintained to be applicable to the seashore alone, whereas Lord Wellesley had used it of a river-bank, for which kind of shore it was contended *ripa* was the proper expression. But Lord Wellesley met and silenced the contention by the authority of Horace and Virgil.

away half an hour more or less agreeably, and then are, as they ought to be, forgotten.

Something akin to these papers were his speeches delivered in Parliament and elsewhere. In oratory, however, he greatly and distinctly improved as years went on. I remember many years ago, when Sir Stafford was a young man, his making a speech from this platform at a meeting presided over by the then Bishop of Exeter, a man of very great qualities, himself in a certain style an orator well-nigh unrivalled, and a critic of other men's performances at once most competent and most severe. His judgment of Sir Stafford's speech was not only very unfavorable, but committed him to the opinion that the speaker never could succeed in public life. How entirely the bishop's forecast was falsified by the event we all know. He became, as I can testify, a speaker perfectly competent to hold his own with the greatest masters of debate in the House of Commons, one with whom the foremost man of his time always felt that he must deal respectfully, and put forth his whole strength to answer; not perhaps one who could thunder down a Chamber or sweep the House of Commons away in a fierce flood of eloquence; but one who could express clear thought in clear language, could conceive with spirit and express with dignity, and could leave his audience when he sat down not, perhaps, convinced (who ever convinced a political antagonist on the spot by a speech?), yet brought to a pause, if they were his opponents, and supplied, if they were his supporters, with excellent reasons for the vote they were about to give. Above all, he had in large measure that which Aristotle calls the *πίστις ἡθική*, the moral suasion, the influence of character, charming and conciliating even where it did not convince. The great Lord Erskine, as I have heard his son say, was once discussing with Mr. Canning the merits and gifts of Mr. Perceval, whom Lord Erskine thought Mr. Canning underrated as a rival. Lord Erskine said that Mr. Perceval was a much abler man than Mr. Canning was disposed to admit, for various reasons, which he gave, and then he added: "Remember, Canning, that you never speak without making an enemy, Perceval never speaks without making a friend, and this in itself is a great power." I leave the application of the story to those who have heard Sir Stafford Northcote speak.

In this assembly I must pass over his

politics *sicco pede*. At one time we thoroughly agreed, but for many years his politics and mine very widely differed. Which of us changed most I really do not know; but of this I am sure, that in every change or modification of opinion he was actuated by the purest principle, and that in no single action of his life did he ever deviate for one instant from the path pointed out to him by unbending integrity and stainless honor. Two remarks, quasi-political in their character, will I permit myself. First, that free-trade opinions were almost congenital with him. In his allegiance to them he never wavered. Almost the last public service he rendered his country was to preside with remarkable prudence, fairness, and ability over the Commission on the Depression of Trade, of which one unquestioned and unquestionable result was to show that countries relying on protection suffered much more heavily from the depression than those which rely upon free trade. He once indeed, under strong pressure, admitted fair trade to the rank of what he called "a pious opinion;" but every one knew that his own opinion on the subject was not pious, and that whatever he might allow as an opinion, his practice would be rigidly orthodox. Next, that wherever Sir Stafford Northcote was, into whatever office he was put, by whomsoever he was surrounded, his first impulse was to reform; to find out and correct abuses, to curtail useless expenditure, to promote practical efficiency. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that every society and every institution, with which he ever was connected, is the better for the connection. Many of the best and most approved reforms made in the last thirty years in our internal administration are due to the suggestion and to the guiding hand of Sir Stafford Northcote. To his reforms no one ever did or could object. It is only to be regretted that being of late years so much necessarily absorbed in the fierce strife of party politics, he had so little time or opportunity for displaying the genius, which he undoubtedly possessed, of a great practical reformer.

One other neutral observation I must be permitted to make; neutral always, thank God, as far as party politics are concerned, but one which it was at one time rather dangerous to make; dangerous I mean to one's personal comfort, if one made it in most social gatherings, whether in London or elsewhere. There was a time when, in the great American civil war, the sympathies of the English

upper classes went with slavery, and when the North had scant justice and no mercy at their hands. I have myself seen that most distinguished man, Charles Francis Adams, subjected in society to treatment which, if he had resented it, might have seriously imperilled the relations of the two countries; and which nothing but the wonderful self-command of a very strong man, and his resolute determination to stifle all personal feeling, and to consider himself only as the minister of a great country, enabled him to treat, as he did, with mute disdain. But in this critical state of things in and out of Parliament, Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote on one side, and the Duke of Argyll and Sir George Cornewall Lewis on the other, mainly contributed to keep this country neutral, and to save us from the ruinous mistake of taking part with the South. On this matter Sir Stafford Northcote thought with his usual clearness, but spoke with an energy not usual in so kind a man. I well remember his saying to me in this city that he hoped to live long enough to see a particular member of Mr. Jefferson Davis's cabinet hanged for his treason; and he added that he could not understand how any man could look without utter horror and loathing (they were his own words, not mine) at the prospect of a great empire founded upon slavery and committed to the maintenance of slavery as the very principle of its being. His calmness was not coldness or indifference, his gentleness was not weakness. Moral wrong (as he regarded it), oppression, cruelty, roused him to wrath and indignation, the more striking from their contrast to his habitual serenity, the more impressive from the unexpected disclosure of those depths of feeling and emotion, the existence of which was generally concealed under the veil of his quiet self-control. I do not know, but I imagine that it was his strong sympathy with the Federal cause, and his sense of the reparation we owed to America, which led him to place his great abilities at the service of his country as one of the commissioners of the Treaty of Washington, though the treaty was negotiated by a government to which he was politically opposed. And I can never forget the unbroken dignity with which he sustained remarks upon himself, and the spirit with which he repelled attacks upon the provisions of the treaty, made, I must say, with complete impartiality from both sides of the House of Commons.

Of his powers as a financier it does not become me to speak. Finance is a subject which I most imperfectly understand; and if you have no clear ideas yourself about a subject, you are pretty sure to waste the time of others and your own if you try to speak upon it. But I have heard from those who are competent to judge that he had great financial skill and power, and that where subsequent chancellors of the exchequer have departed from his plans, they have departed generally for the worse.

It follows, if I have placed before you even the faintest image of Sir Stafford Northcote, that he lacked one quality of the great Dr. Johnson: he was but a poor hater. I do believe that either by original creation or in answer to his prayers, God had delivered him from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. For this reason, though he led his party, as it seems to one not belonging to it, with singular skill and wisdom, he was not perhaps a very good party man. Ben Jonson says that in his day the times were "so wholly partial or malicious, that if a man be a friend all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him; insomuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgements to soothe our passions." Nothing in this vigorous passage found an echo in Sir Stafford's nature. He thought the best he could of every one; he declined to ascribe bad motives to those at whose hands he had experienced slights and injuries which many men, which perhaps most men, would have bitterly resented. He felt these things keenly, but with a rare magnanimity he uttered no complaint, he held his peace. I believe he forgave those who did them; he certainly made excuses for them, and that with no double sense of irony or sarcasm, but honestly, truly, simply. Well, they have their reward, and he has his!

For it follows also from what I have said, that if he was a poor hater he was a fast friend. He was indeed and in truth,

That faithful friend, best boon of Heaven,  
Unto some favored mortal given,  
Though still the same, yet varying still  
Our each successive want to fill;  
Beneath life's ever fitful hue  
To us he bears an aspect new.

So says the author of "The Cathedral;" and those who had the friendship of Sir Stafford Northcote might well thank



Heaven for the boon it had bestowed. His friendship once given was never capriciously, was, I may say by *him*, never withdrawn. It outlasted diversities of life, changes of opinion, differences of politics, severance of circumstances. He clung to friends always, in success, in sorrow, nay more, in discredit; he worked actively for friends without regard to politics, till the ties of party became too strong for him to break. In this place I would not if I could, and I could not if I would, say all he was to one who had known him from a child. The lofty eulogy of Virgil,

Ripheus, justissimus unus  
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi,

was once quoted by Mr. Gladstone of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and might form the foundation of an eulogy as lofty and as true upon Sir Stafford Northcote; but I take refuge in the noble lines written by Mr. Lyttelton in 1749, describing *his* friend:—

He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,

So clear of interest, so devoid of art,  
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,  
No words can speak it, but our tears can tell.  
Oh, candid truth! oh, faith without a stain!  
Oh, manners gently firm, and nobly plain!

There is much more I should like to say; as to his services to this county, — which he loved so well, that he once said to me, that of course Devonshire was less beautiful in winter than in summer, but that Devonshire in winter was more beautiful than any other county in summer, — to this neighborhood, to this city, to this society. But as to this last matter you know what he was and the value of his services to you as your president; while I can feel at any rate the burden you have imposed on me in electing me as his successor. Time, however, and your patience are alike exhausted. I will end therefore what I have to say with no attempt to sum it up. I have tried to put before you, as I saw him, a person who, taken altogether, was a very definite, a very remarkable, I had almost said an unique, character. Holder of an ancient baronetcy, of good but not large estate, with no particular advantages of connection, with a reputation from school and college high indeed but not extraordinary, he ended by filling some of the greatest offices in the country.

He was secretary of state, chancellor of the exchequer, first lord of the treasury, leader of the House of Commons, and when out of office leader of his party in that House, and lastly an English earl. He has had his bust, his statue, his picture, in his life and after his death, painted and set up by subscriptions, to which men of all classes, of all shades of opinion, religious and political, have most heartily contributed. A rare example of the force of a good and high character. But if, like Agricola, he was happy in the clear light of his life, he was, like him, happy also in the opportunity of his death. It is not for me to settle the account between Sir Stafford Northcote, his colleagues, and his party; but when one thinks of how he died and what hastened, if it did not cause, his death, two thoughts, one bitter, and one consoling, are forced upon the mind. It was said some years ago by a great cynic, with too much truth, that gratitude is a factor of very small importance in English politics. It must also be said that the life of Sir Stafford Northcote demonstrates that English politics do not lower the character or corrupt the heart; and that the leader of the House of Commons may be a man of simple life and true piety, a steadfast friend, a generous foe, a sincere believer, and a good man.

One closing word and I have done. I have spoken of him throughout as Sir Stafford Northcote, and I have done so on purpose. When Sir Robert Peel offered Robert Southey a baronetcy, he asked him "to adorn the distinction of the baronetcy by consenting to accept the title." In like manner Sir Stafford Northcote might well say, with Lord Thurlow, that the peerage solicited him, not he the peerage. He conferred, not received, honor by changing his old name to a new one. "*Ita fit*," says the well-known passage of Boethius, in the "De Consolatione Philosophiae," "*ut non virtutibus ex dignitate, sed ex virtute dignitatibus honor accedat*." Great qualities gain nothing from dignities, but dignities increase in honor by the great qualities of those who accept them. In almost the last letter I ever received from him he signed himself, "Ever yours affectionately, S. H. N., *sive tu mavis* IDDESLEIGH." I do not prefer it. I therefore use the freedom permitted me by my friend, and end this poor tribute to his memory with the name of Stafford Northcote.

From Longman's Magazine.

## PETER GRANT'S WOOING.

## I.

"PETER, you must marry."

"Must marry, mother! Why?"

Mrs. Grant took up the stocking which five minutes ago she had laid down, and recommenced its darning. She did not want to give her son the exact reason why marriage was expedient for him, and it was easier to arrange her little prevarication when his honest, straightforward eyes were not fixed upon her own.

"Well," she said, covering the hesitation of her answer by the pretence of finding the worsted which she feigned to have mislaid — "for several reasons; first of all there's the farm."

"Oh, the farm's going on all right. I don't expect to make a fortune, but I make a living out of it."

"A living!" Mrs. Grant's tone expressed the contempt she felt. "Your poor uncle wouldn't ha' bin content that nothing more than a living should be made out o' what he'd stinted and starved to get."

"Ah, poor old chap!" and Peter sighed; "if I'd had a voice in it he should never have done that for me, toiling and scraping together what he never lived to enjoy; if he'd took life easier he'd have been alive now, I dare say."

"Ah, well! what pleases Providence to do don't concern you nor me; we ain't got the making nor the marring o' things; if we had you'd ha' bin the last who'd ever ha' touched a farthing o' Uncle Sam's bit of property." Peter nodded assent rather dismally. "However," continued Mrs. Grant briskly, "that ain't here nor there; the farm's yours, and the law's given it to you, and now your business is to make money out of it."

"All very easy to talk of, mother, but how's it to be done?"

Just so; they were coming to the point now, and, in anticipation of gaining it, Mrs. Grant's needle went in and out swiftly; she did not miss a thread, though; she was a woman of firm purpose, and her hand, like her resolve, was steady.

"Listen, Peter; I'm getting old, as there isn't much need for me to tell you. No need to shake your head; if you don't see it, others do; and it's high time there was a proper missis here."

Peter's sigh sounded so much like a groan that Mrs. Grant felt irritated by it.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she said, "if you could call the dead back again I shouldn't

say no more about it; but with poor Milly in her grave for the last four years, why, for goodness gracious' sake should you keep a widower?"

Peter made no answer; what was the good of speaking when his mother could not understand? The bitterest enemy his dead wife had had was her mother-in-law. By his marriage Peter had not only given displeasure, but had forfeited all hope of ever inheriting his uncle's property, the old man declaring that he had clean struck him out of his will for being fool enough to take for wife a sickly, doll-faced thing, without a single penny or the strength to earn one.

By virtue of this will — which nervousness and indecision kept him, and always had kept him, from ever making — Uncle Sam contrived to hold a good many people in order. That half-dropped hint that some day they'd find he had remembered them acted as a wonderful "open sesame" to hearts and hands. He was half-fed out of this expectant generosity, and, it being about Christmas time when he suddenly died, the seasonable presents, which came pouring in, furnished the baked meats for his funeral feast.

Peter Grant at a distance — working hard to support himself and his motherless boy — had not even received an invitation to the funeral. So completely had his uncle ignored him that he had gone clean out of other people's memories until, no will being found, no will being heard of, it gradually dawned on those present that Peter, the dead man's only brother's only son, was the next heir and rightful owner of the property.

Not very much, as we might view it, but things are measured by comparison, and to those who are laboring for others a little bit of land of their own, though numbering no more than two hundred acres, seems a very enviable possession.

Pick holes as they might in Peter's past disobedience and present ignorance — for he had chosen a sailor's life, and knew very little about farming — no one could say his head was turned by his unexpected good fortune. He took possession in such a humble way that he seemed to be apologizing to those around him, and if it had not been for his boy he would have been disposed to sell the farm and share the proceeds with those who openly declared they had a better right to it than he had.

With an accurate knowledge of her son's disposition, Mrs. Grant had made a long journey to see him installed in his

new home. She prided herself on never shrinking her duties, and while deploring the necessity of leaving her own comfortable little house, where she lived surrounded by her three well-to-do married daughters, she gave it as her intention to remain at Winscott, her son's farm, until she saw him comfortably settled and married.

Already her eye was fixed on the right wife for him to have, and only waiting until the place was in proper order. She had sent an invitation to a certain second cousin, who, as good luck would have it, was a buxom widow well disposed to take another partner. The widow had a nice sum of money at her own command, besides which she was mistress of a comfortable little roadside inn which she said she found tiresome to manage, and wished that in its stead she had a farm to look after.

This wish decided Mrs. Grant. Knowing that the wish would be repeated to her, she viewed it as an overture, and, as Mrs. Pollard lived but twenty miles away, she sent a message, begging that Cousin Selina, as she called her, would come to Winscott for a few days' stay.

Mrs. Pollard accepted the invitation, and the visit, paid in the early summer, had gone off famously.

Peter, quite innocent of the motives which had brought her there, welcomed her most cordially. She was a bright-eyed, good-looking woman, and though close upon forty bore her years so well that she looked younger than Peter, who was ten years her junior.

Like all sailors, Peter had a very winning manner with women, and Cousin Selina, a little prompted to it by Mrs. Grant's well-dropped hints and suggestions, began to think seriously of the matter.

She went into the capabilities of the land with business-like precision, and finally decided that, with the help of her money and supervision, it might be worked into a very prosperous concern.

There were drawbacks; *one* more especially — Peter's little son. Mrs. Pollard did not care for, had not been used to children; could not be bothered with them. But perhaps his grandmother would take him; if not, she could find some one who would. Of course the child must be provided for until he could earn his own living; but considering what she remembered about the mother, no one would expect her to treat such a woman's child as her own.

"Poor Peter!" Mrs. Pollard did not disguise from his mother that she saw many reasons for pitying him. He had no more head for business than a baby. It might be true that he worked hard himself, but those about were not worth a quarter the wages he gave them; and she enumerated the few laborers who, hitherto ground down to the last farthing by his miserly old uncle, Peter had kept on at increased pay.

There was one bent-double old fellow who was past work altogether, with an idle, good-for-nothing granddaughter, whose look she, Selina, did not like at all.

She ventured on saying as much to Peter, but he did not seem to understand her, and only made their dismissal more certain by saying that Jenny was a good girl, and was so fond of his little Peter; and as for the old man, though it was true that he was nearly past work, Jenny did all she could to make up for him.

"He does not look to me as if he'd last long," Mrs. Pollard said.

Peter answered, "Poor Jenny! what will become of her? I must try to find something for her to do."

"Oh, that will be very easy," and the self-elected mistress smiled craftily. "I am in the way of hearing about people wanting girls, and I'll be sure not to forget Jenny."

Only that Mrs. Grant kept assuring her that Peter was so very bashful of proposing when he knew there was money, Cousin Selina would have been a little disappointed that, without saying a word, he permitted her to go away.

She asked him to come and see her, and he said he would.

When would he come?

Oh, when the harvest was in. Work for a time would then be over, and he might indulge in a little pleasure.

Mrs. Pollard, by the light of inclination, saw a meaning in this answer, and more graciously went away.

The corn, green then, had since grown golden, and had bowed its head to the sickle. Several messages had been sent by Selina, and Mrs. Grant felt, if the prize was to be secured, there must be no more delay.

She had chosen this evening to open the question, and her starting-point, as we have seen, was, —

"Peter, you must marry."

After the allusion to his dead wife and the years during which he had remained a widower, a silence ensued, employed by

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Mrs. Grant in deciding upon the most vulnerable spot by which she could touch her son.

"If it's only on account of the boy, to give him the care of a mother, you ought to marry," she began.

Peter looked up. The welfare of the boy was quite another matter.

"I should not say what I do," continued Mrs. Grant, "if I felt I could stay here, but I can't, Peter. At my time o' life new homes ain't made so easy. I miss my chapel, and my old friends, to say nothing o' your sisters, who think it very hard that they should be counted nobodies; and, fond as I am o' you, children is children, and I was never one to set the claims o' one above the claims o' the others of you."

"I feel it's very kind in you to stay as you have done," Peter said dolefully. "Of course 'tis too much for me to expect you are going to remain altogether; but the boy is young yet. In three or four years or so —" and he hesitated, while Mrs. Grant laughed grimly.

"A very nice pickle he'll be," she said sarcastically. "I know quite well whenever it comes to the boy you never take it well to be spoke to plainly, but I'm only echoing the words of all around when I say that of all the unruly, ungovernable young Turks 'twas ever my fate to see, your boy beats 'em."

"But he's such a mere baby," put in Peter piteously.

"He's a baby now, but as the years lengthen so the twig strengthens. However, the bringing up of your child is your business, not mine; only I do say, that let him grow into what he may, you'll only have yourself to thank for it."

Peter's face became clouded. Was it true what his mother was saying, that the child, who was as the apple of his eye, would grow up a vagabond for the want of proper training? Working, as he was forced to, from morning until bedtime, he could get little more than a glimpse of his darling, who ran the fields at his own sweet will, either in company with old Gaffer Jeffrey — now nearly as childish as the five-year-old Peter himself — or with his granddaughter Jenny, the youngest on the farm next to little Peter.

Poor Jenny had a very sad history, but little Peter knew nothing of it; and now that the old master was dead, and the new one, instead of taunting her, gave her a kind word when he met her, the girl was as happy as it is natural at seventeen years old to be.

"The child always looks so healthy and happy whenever I see him," said Peter, resuming the conversation with his mother.

"Most of us is happy when we're having everything our own way."

There was another silence between them.

"But, mother, suppose I was willing to marry, I don't know of anybody who'd have me."

Mrs. Grant threw her sharp eyes on the face which was looking at her.

"Don't you?" she said. "Well, I do." Peter's eyes opened wide.

"The saying is that there's none so blind as they that won't see, and 'pon my word, unless you shut 'em o' purpose, what Selina Pollard did here in the spring and forever inviting you over to see her is more than I can say."

"What! Cousin Selina do you mean? Oh, mother, you're mistaken. No, no."

"All right, only if I'm mistook so is she too, and the sooner you undeceive her the more manly it will be in you."

"But such a thing never entered into my head. I don't know that I like her."

"All the more pity then that she should have shown a liking for you; not that I ever imagined for an instant, after all your talk about *her* that's dead and gone, that it was likely you'd burst into a blaze like a bush o' broom; but plenty of marriages turn out well where there's been precious little love to start with."

"She never seemed to make much account of the boy while she was here," said Peter reflectively.

"Well, perhaps you'll tell me when she'd the opportunity. I'm his grandmother, and, 'ceptin' 'tis at meals, when Jenny brings him in, many's the day that goes by with me never so much as clapping eyes on him. Of course I've had my say about old Jeffreys and his granddaughter too, so there's no need to have that over again; but if I'm asked whether a evil-living old poacher and a girl whose bringing into the world don't make her fit company for anybody, is the right people to bring up my grandchild with, my answer is, no."

Peter looked vexed. Mrs. Grant had always been terribly prejudiced against poor Jenny, whom it was the habit on the farm to make the scapegrace for all that went wrong. Without father, mother, or any one she could lay claim to, the girl had grown up doing the stern bidding of her grandfather, and so much of his work that those around, unmindful that it was

from necessity, jeered and taunted her for being more of a boy than a girl.

"Cousin Selina thinks she has found a place for her, doesn't she?" Peter said.

"Yes, if you'll let her go. Talk about not sending the old man to the Union, I should call it a charity."

Peter remembered the outburst of sorrow there had been when he only made mention of it to Jenny. Still the old man was growing day by day more feeble, and what, then, could he do? It was kind of Selina to remember the girl—perhaps—yes—under all circumstances.

"Mother," he said, "Jenny shall go; tell Cousin Selina that we will send her."

"Well, I think you'd best to tell her yourself," said Mrs. Grant stiffly. "I'm tired of writing letter upon letter; more particularly if you ain't got no serious thoughts of her, the sooner 'tis put an end to the better."

"But I can't think for a moment that she would marry me."

"Not without asking she won't, most certainly."

Peter drummed on the table. Catching sight of his face Mrs. Grant decided to strike the blow.

"I don't want in any way to force you to marry Selina Pollard, or anybody; only think it over, because I have made up my mind that I must go. Somebody, it seems, must make a sacrifice; why me more than you?"

"Oh mother, I couldn't hardly expect that you'd stay here forever; the place is very lonely, I know."

"And for that reason 'tisn't every woman who'd care to take up her home here and settle down so quietly; but Selina is one o' the bustling ones, who finds plenty to do everywhere, and does it well too. 'Twas like listening to a man to hear her talking o' the land and what it might be turned to. With her money thrown in, and the care she'd pay, there'd be a handsome property for little Peter some day."

Peter's fingers drummed on the table more slowly and more softly. Then they stopped, and he sat with eyes that looked into vacancy.

"Could I walk there?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, you could, but there ain't no necessity. You get the train at Blyfield, and that puts you down at Three Cross station, and then Selina's house is about two mile further on, I should say."

Peter pushed back his chair and got up wearily; he went over to the mantelpiece

and stood leaning his head against it looking into the empty fireplace.

"Perhaps I might manage it on Monday, mother. Eh! what do you say?"

"Say good luck go with you," and Mrs. Grant went over, and put her hard, bony hand down on her son's shoulder—as she thought—affectionately.

"The boy's all I've got to look to, mother," and Peter swallowed down the lump that was rising. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for him."

Mrs. Grant feigned to wipe a tear from the corner of her eye.

"Ah!" she said, "you needn't tell me—a lone widow woman left in the world with four of you, who should know the feelings of a parent better than me?"

That night Peter took from out his box a little prayer-book. Around it was a coarse white handkerchief, within a faded flower and some withered sprigs of rosemary—she who used to carry it each Sunday was lying in her grave far away. Peter stood looking at it; then, bending his head down, he said, "Oh Milly, can't ye help me—'tain't a wife I want, but a mother for your boy."

## II.

SEVERAL things had happened by the time Monday came round. Peter had made up his mind; Jenny had got her dismissal; the two of them were starting from Winscott on the same day.

The hearts of both were heavy, and the lovely morning seemed to mock them with its bright sunshine and clear blue sky.

Jenny, still lingering, ought to have started an hour ago; she was to walk to the station. Peter, riding, was unnecessarily fidgety about being early. "Valor will come and go," and, like Bob Acres, Peter felt his beginning to ooze out rapidly.

He ran up-stairs to bid good-bye to his little son, who, ready dressed, was standing on tiptoe at the window shouting vigorously.

"Take me, take me!" he cried, "Peter wants to go, wants to go with Jenny." The girl who had dressed him, in her endeavors to keep him quiet shook him roughly. "Jenny's going away," she said, "where you won't see her never no more, nor father neither, if you ain't a good boy, so there!" and at this moment Peter entered, and, as he thought, saw in the child's eyes the dead mother looking so reproachfully that, with no time for reflection, he caught the small creature in his

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arms, comforting him by saying, "Peter shall go. Father will take him."

"And Jenny too?"

"Yes, Jenny has gone on, but we will soon get up with her."

A certain amount of tact had stood Mrs. Grant in good stead all her lifetime, but certainly none of it was forthcoming in the ensuing argument with her son.

"Take the child! Carry the boy with him to — to see Selina! Ridiculous, impossible! What would she think, what would any one think, at such a thing being done?"

"Think that I am very fond of my child, mother, and that I want to see whether she can be the same."

"You know well enough that Selina's never been accustomed to children, and 'tisn't her habit to take much notice of them."

So, Peter remembered, it had struck him before, but his mother's words put the seal on his resolution.

Had Mrs. Grant only used mild opposition or been contented to laugh at him for the over-indulgent father he knew himself to be, little Peter would have most surely been left at Winscott. As it was, with a determination which those about him had rarely witnessed, he called for the child's hat and coat and ordered the girl to dress him.

"You ain't going to take him as he is," said Mrs. Grant furiously; "at least let him have his best things put on."

But no, Peter was contented that the boy should be clean and tidy, and his manner was so decided that Mrs. Grant saw she had best give way.

"Is Jenny gone?" she whispered to the girl near.

"Not a quarter of an hour ago she wasn't, cos I see her loiterin' about, trying to get a sight o' little Peter."

Mrs. Grant hurried away in the indicated direction; there, just preparing to start, she caught sight of Jenny.

"I'm going to run most of the way, missis; I shall be in time," the girl began, anticipating the reproach she thought Mrs. Grant had come to fling at her.

"Here, stop a bit, I want to speak to ye. Master's goin' to take little Peter with him, and I want you to look after the child. Don't let him be in the way while master's there," and she frowned and nodded meaningly. "You know."

Jenny heaved a sigh — the news was like a reprieve to her.

"Now off with you as quick as you can, and they'll soon fetch you up on the way."

Thus it happened that at the cross roads just at the end of the lane Peter and his son overtook Jenny.

"Why, Dapple is lame, master!" cried Jenny, who had watched them coming along.

"Yes, I saw she had a corn before we started, only I didn't want to give in because I couldn't have brought the youngster. Now I find how bad she goes I don't know what to do."

"Leave her at Gryce's forge, and I'll carry little Peter to the railway."

"You couldn't manage it," said Peter, smiling; "it's seven miles, Jenny."

"Oh, master! I'd carry him all over the world if needs be," and having by this time got the child in her arms, Jenny fell to sobbing violently. The pent-up tears poured down like a drenching April shower, to be over as quick.

"Well, I don't know, suppose we try," said Peter; "between the two of us we might manage, mightn't we?"

There was a small bundle of wearing apparel and a basket of good things which Mrs. Grant had given her son to carry. Peter put these on the ground, and bidding Jenny wait with the boy he led Dapple away.

When he returned it was to find the two romping boisterously. Peter could not help joining in their play, and a full half-hour slipped by before they started fairly.

At last on they went, Peter with the boy, Jenny with the basket and the bundle; but even then, although the time passed quickly, they did not make much headway; there was so much to look at, so much to stop for; little Peter made demands enough to employ a dozen people.

"Do you know, it strikes me, Jenny, that we shan't catch this train?"

"There's another in the afternoon, master," Jenny was prompt to answer. It seemed to her that this morning walk was heaven; she had never before felt so happy.

Peter considered for a moment.

"I don't see any good in going on," he said; "suppose we take it easy and go by the afternoon one."

"It's only him," said Jenny, looking at the child; "he'll be hungry."

"There's a cake in the basket, I know, and what else? — turn it out, Jenny."

So under the shadow of a spreading tree, where the grass looked soft and dry, the three made a halt, while Jenny on her knees displayed one by one the several dainties.

"I vow I feel peckish myself," said Peter.

"'Tis seeing the good things, master; the sight o' good things has often put me in mind of being hungry," and Jenny laughed, while Peter, looking down at the upturned face, thought the girl was really pretty.

"This won't be missed," she said, handing a cake to little Peter, "nor this neither," and she held out a pasty to his father.

"Yes, but where's your share?"

"Oh, I've got mine in my pocket," and she drew out a hunk of brown, dry bread, and, beginning to repack the basket, set it beside her.

"No, no, Jenny, that ain't fair." Peter had pulled the basket from her. "Mother hadn't told Mrs. Pollard what she was going to send her, and what the eye don't see the heart can't grieve after."

"Oh, master!" exclaimed Jenny, plunging her little teeth into the dainties he handed her, "doesn't it taste nice?"

Jenny did not know that forbidden fruit is said always to have a good flavor.

Not only was Mrs. Grant's basket cleared, but Jenny's bread went down sweetly. Peter ate every crumb of it himself, and then, being thirsty, he left them, to fetch some water from the little stream which they could hear babbling close by. When he returned Jenny held up a warning finger that he should speak softly; the boy had fallen asleep, his head was nestled on her shoulder; one chubby hand held the sleeve of her gown tightly.

"He's a pretty fellow," said the father proudly, and then he sighed. "'Tis a thousand pities he hasn't got no mother, Jenny."

"It is, master," she said sadly.

"They're telling me that he's growing up headstrong and self-willed, and that on his account I ought to marry," and he looked at Jenny questioningly.

"Perhaps they're right, master; it might be the best thing for ye to do."

"That's what's taking me to Mrs. Pollard's. It's been a hard matter though; I could hardly screw my courage up to go."

"For why?" said Jenny amazedly.

Peter felt it did not become him to speak of the woman he intended asking to be his wife in any disparaging way.

"Oh well! how do I know that she'll have me? as likely as not she'll say no."

Jenny shook her head.

"Not she, master."

"But it's very little that I've got to offer."

"Little! what, yourself and Peter!" and the astonished eyes of Jenny dropped, to fix themselves on the sleeping treasure.

"You think, then, that would be enough to make a woman happy, Jenny?"

"She'd be hard to please if it didn't, master."

Peter was silent for a moment; the midday sun flooded all around, the trees waved their branches gently, the babbling of the little stream sounded like a song.

"If I thought so," began Peter, "I might ask to marry me somebody who is younger — somebody I know that is about your age, Jenny."

"Yes, would you?" said Jenny, interested in the matter.

"Supposing now that anybody — like me, say — was to ask — well was to ask you, Jenny, would you give him yes or no for answer?"

"Oh, master! I should give him yes," cried innocent Jenny.

"Then will you give that yes to me, Jenny?" and Peter stretched out his arm to put it round her. But already Jenny had sprung to her feet; there was a pained look in her face, her eyes were filled with tears.

"Take him," she said, holding out little Peter, and the dignity of her manner more than her words told how wounded she felt at the thought that he was trifling with her. A minute before and Peter would have said that he had drifted into the offer he had made; but now his heart leaped up, the spark had fallen, the flame burst out, and he knew he loved her.

"Jenny," he said, and as he spoke, unconsciously he drew nearer, "who gave me courage to ask a young girl to be my wife?"

Jenny trembled.

"I will wake the boy. Peter," he said, "Peter, my little son, beg of Jenny to let you call her mother."

The child, newly awakened, stretched out his soft, rounded arms, and the next moment they all three were clasped together.

A long time went by before sense and reason seemed restored to them, and then Peter had most to say. Jenny was like one in a dream at the good fortune which had come to her. By turns she laughed and cried, would look shyly at the father, and then devour with kisses little Peter. Their steps turned homeward; the mood of each became more sober; the farm in sight Jenny stopped.

"What is it?" said Peter.

"Oh, master! think it over what you

have said to me. I'm afraid the old missis will be very angry."

"You mustn't mind it if she is, Jenny. I shall stand by you, and you must stand by me; we are both pledged to little Peter."

Jenny smiled through her tears.

"Last night," she said, "after I had cried myself to sleep, I remember now I had a dream. Somebody, I thought, came to me dressed all in white, and put into my arms little Peter."

"Jenny," said Peter solemnly, "that was no dream. She you saw was an angel — my dead wife, Milly. I prayed that she'd help me choose a mother for her boy, and she has chose you."

"Oh, master! can it be so?"

"Yes, I feel sure," said Peter confidently, "for never since God took her from me have I felt so happy. Come, Peter! come, my son — one hand in yours, the other in mine — between us, we will lead her in to grandmother and tell her, for your sake and for mine, she must find a word of welcome for our little Jenny."

LOUISA PARR.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN ELEPHANT-KRAAL IN CEYLON.

THE possibility of enjoying new amusements is rapidly lessening, as facility of communication increases and universal travel becomes the marked characteristic of the age of steam. To catch gigantic salmon in the streams of Norway, to shoot a grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains, or to enjoy a tiger hunt in the jungles of the maharajah of Kooch-pa-warna, has become as common an occupation with the traveller as the slaughter of partridges on English stubble or the ascent of Snowdon in August. But one may surely claim for an elephant-kraal on a large scale an element of rarity mingled with excitement which it would be hard to match; while the very size and value of the game in view raises the sport at once above the ordinary level. There are moreover two other sides to the enterprise, which certainly do not characterize all forms of sport; there is, if it is properly managed, a complete and refreshing absence of cruelty; while there is on the other hand a wide field for the exercise of pluck, endurance, skill in woodcraft, and knowledge of the habits of the animal to be captured. For whatever may be said or thought by

the writers of sporting-books, there is undoubtedly something revolting about the mere slaughter of an elephant. Of course there is just the possibility of a spice of danger; just the off-chance of the animal's charging you in a blind, blundering sort of way, and bowling you over in his stride; but he is not really a hard animal to come up to; a skilful tracker and ordinary precautions will bring you to within ten yards of him, and then to shoot him is about as brave and skilful a deed as to shoot a milch cow in a farm-yard. But an elephant-kraal ranks infinitely higher in the way of sport; and at the same time affords one of the most picturesque sights, one of the most entertaining studies of native manners and jungle life, that it is possible to imagine.

The scene of our kraal is laid in so unapproachable and unpronounceable a part of an unknown district of Ceylon, that the only way of describing it shortly is to say that it is at least forty miles from anywhere. After leaving the skirts of civilization, a long day's and night's struggle over dusty tracks and across obnoxious water-courses brings us at last to the spot where our camp has been pitched. Not an uninteresting place in itself; for half-way up the queer cylindrical rock that overhangs our tents a Singalese potentate of old days built himself a great palace. This was afterwards adopted as a temporary abode by one of the many fugitive kings whom the vicissitudes of Singalese politics turned out of their permanent residences; but he was wise enough to carry with him in his flight that world-famous palladium, the tooth of Buddha, and rich enough to build for it a beautiful shrine, the great stairway of which has lately been restored under the enlightened policy of the present governor of Ceylon. There is something weird and startling in coming across these beautiful remains of an early civilization in so remote and desolate a spot. The fine upward sweep of the stairway, the delicate chiselling of the ornamented balustrade, the life-like posturings of the quaint dancers on the frieze, once pleased the eyes and excited the wonder of a teeming population, long since gone down into dusty death; and are now scarce noticed in their decay by the casual villager in search of honey or herbs, or by the solitary hermit at the little Buddhist shrine near the hill.

But just at present the secluded spot is alive with an absolutely unprecedented bustle. Carts and tents and elephants and servants are arriving every hour; huts

are being rapidly erected with leaves of the cocoanut and talipot palm; and the hair of the old hermit, if he had any, would stand on end at hearing the sound of English ladies' voices, and the pop of exuberant soda-water bottles. Our camp looks very picturesque as we reach it, weary and travel-stained, in the cool of the evening (if indeed coolness is ever a possible attribute of these arid regions) passing through rows of little shops that have sprung up like mushrooms on the roadside; descrying the dim form of a huge tame elephant, a future gladiator of the final fight, calmly browsing in a neighboring clearing; and hailing with contentment the sight of the fires that tell of a possible dinner and a hot bath — though truly the color of the water is very suggestive of buffaloes, and severely tests all our vows of cleanliness. And from time to time we can hear afar off some scattered shots, and dim, confused shouting, telling us that the great game we have come to see captured is at least within ear-shot.

The first day or two we settle down in camp, and amuse ourselves as best we can with such intellectual pursuits as rounders and Aunt Sally, highly impromptu concerts, and the heartiest of midnight suppers; religiously resisting every temptation to go near the scene of operations, and contenting ourselves with such scraps of news as we can glean from natives passing to and from the field of battle. For former kraals have always been delayed, and often spoilt, by the anxiety of the British visitor to prove that he knows more of the elephant and his ways than the native hunter; and an officious determination to assist has turned out to be the most complete hindrance imaginable. This time the native is to be allowed to work his wicked will in his own particular way; and the result will doubtless testify to the wisdom of the self-sacrifice. But by the third day human nature and English impatience could stand it no longer. All our novels had been read, and the amount of tobacco consumed was something appalling to estimate; a flattering assurance from the captain of the hunt that "we could do no harm now," armed us with the necessary permission; and off we set in the early morning for a day with the beaters.

But perhaps before describing the sights we saw, it may be as well to give some account of the method in which elephants are captured. A kraal is an extremely simple thing in theory. The only difficulty lies in its manipulation. The

first point is to fix upon the place — the kraal or corral — into which the game is to be finally driven. This is usually constructed artificially by means of a square wooden stockade lined with musket-men; in the present case nature had provided the corral free of charge. Close to the road along which we travelled, two gigantic reefs of abrupt rock run parallel to one another for about a quarter of a mile. They enclose some six or eight acres of jungle; their sides are almost precipitous, and the entrance and exit are narrow and concealed in trees. Legend says that the old Singalese kings held royal kraals here in days of old; eliminate some twenty Europeans, add a little gaudy state and ceremonial, and it is not very difficult to recall the scene. Having settled on your kraal, it is logically necessary to find your quarry; and here again no great difficulty occurs, as many a poor cultivator will tell you, who has to spend long nights and much firewood in driving away the marauders from his little patch of grain. The search-parties came upon three convenient herds very soon after their quest began, gradually drove them together, and succeeded in enclosing between fifty and sixty. This feat, which might appear to the uninitiated to be the consummation, is really only the commencement of the business. It is a difficult achievement to drive a herd of English cattle along the streets of a town on market-day; it is a difficult achievement to conduct an Irish pig, after purchase, to his new quarters; multiply these difficulties by fifty, and it is possible to conceive some notion of the trouble involved in forcing a herd of wild elephants towards a given spot. For, to begin with, there are certain requisites as regards the line of country to be chosen. In the first place the drive must be through thick jungle; once get the herd into the open, and the game is up; for mystery and covers beget success, while familiarity, say both copy-books and shikaris, breeds contempt. Let the mammoths get a fair view of the pigmy forces distracting them with such hideous noises, and a fair field to operate in — and the result would be too obvious to be worth discussing. So, too, all roads, village paths, open water courses, and habitations of man must be carefully avoided; while at the same time the country chosen must contain a sufficiency of fodder and water, or the ultimate result will be disastrous in more ways than one. Secondly, although it would be comparatively easy to drive a herd of elderly male elephants, it is not

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these, but the females, and more especially the youngsters, which form the really valuable part of the herd, and, as if knowing their own value, give all the trouble. It is nearly always a female that leads the forlorn hope and heads the most reckless charges; and she and her progeny must be kept at all costs within the charmed circle, however hard she may seek to prove that, in the elephantine as in the human world, it is in vain to speculate *furens quid femina possit*.

The operations of a Singalese kraal are based on a semi-military formation, which perhaps, for antiquity, throws the Macedonian phalanx into the shade. Whatever the exact scientific name may be, the civilian mind would describe it as a movable oblong; and one in which, contrary to most military precedents, the post of honor is in the rear, the reason being that the back line does nearly all the beating, and that wild elephants almost invariably charge back and not forwards. The length of the front and of the back line is about a quarter of a mile, that of each side line very nearly a mile; and as the component male elements of the line are stationed very close together, for the joint purpose of conversation and safety, the number of men employed is obviously considerable. Add to the actual beaters the sutlers and camp-followers of the little army, the mere spectators, and the enterprising array of hawkers, and the computation rises with astonishing rapidity.

A visit to the "lines" in the early morning fully repays you for the thorny struggle of three miles through the low, close jungle. The camp is awake and stirring — has been stirring, in fact, since the very earliest sign of dawn appeared — and is fully occupied in that most important duty, the preparation of the morning meal. You pass along one continuous row of the neatest little huts imaginable, formed of nothing but four sticks and a few dried leaves of the talipot palm; and, in front of the huts, an equally continuous row of fires, for the enemy cooped up within the inclosure is far more afraid of flame and smoke than of his human opponents. On the safe side of the fires, then, it is possible to eat, drink, and be merry with perfect composure, and very savory are the simple messes that are steaming and simmering on every side. But two features at once strike you as peculiar, in a Singalese crowd, — the utter absence of the female sex, and the presence of the most extraordinary collection of firearms that mortal eye ever beheld. The courage

necessary to enable you to face a raging elephant in his native jungles is no doubt considerable; the nerve required to fire off one of these old-world weapons is infinitely greater. Here is an aged single-barrelled horse-pistol, such as one dimly remembers to have seen in cheap illustrated editions of "Dick Turpin's Adventures" or the "Life of Jack Sheppard;" there a marvellous and equally venerable musket with a barrel several yards long, the metal of which is worn so thin that you could easily squash it between two fingers. The guns being dangerous enough in themselves, the native method of loading does not render them less so. The great point of the charge appears to be quantity, regardless of proportion and result. You may only have one shot in the day, so let it be a good one; and if, as often happens in the early morning, you are not quite sure whether the gun is loaded or not, ram in another charge or two, to make assurance doubly sure. Moreover wads are an absurd and costly luxury in the jungle; a piece of rag torn from the end of your cloth does infinitely better; and if you can't borrow or steal the village ramrod, which the headman insists on monopolizing, bump your stock on the ground so as to give the charge a fair chance of setting.

The "early birds" of the camp, having already finished their "little breakfast," are gracefully reclining in the shelter of their cabins; and, their weapons being loaded in the efficient manner described and lying ready to hand, are (mark the advance of civilization!) loading their minds in a somewhat similar manner with literature. For the book-hawker, with his queer little tin box full of cheap pamphlets, almost as miscellaneous as the contents of a kraal musket, is a camp-follower of the first importance; and the local booksellers are doing a roaring trade this morning in a Singalese account of the queen's Jubilee, garnished with a gruesome portrait of the queen's most excellent and most travestied Majesty. Such as cannot read (still perhaps the majority) are endeavoring, with the help of their neighbors, to recall certain potent charms against furious elephants, which they have learnt from their wise men; while those two invariable characters, the oldest inhabitant and the village wag, have each a little knot of admirers, hanging respectively on the utterances of gray wisdom or grinning folly.

But the sun is well up by this time, and a sort of instinctive sensation or rumor, carried no one knows how, runs round the camp that the morning drive is to com-



mence; so while the neat little huts are being rolled up into equally neat little bundles, to be carried, with the precious cooking-utensils, to the next halting-place, we make our way to the back line, and are not long in finding ourselves in the presence of the captain of the hunt. He is a fine brawny specimen of a Singalese gentleman, and on great occasions, when he is attending a governor's *levée*, for instance, or welcoming a new revenue-officer, is a very smart, bedizened personage indeed. At present his costume is rather adapted to circumstances than remarkable for abundance. A handkerchief round his head, the suspicion of a cloth round his loins, sandals on his feet, and the rest—as nature made it, with the exception of a huge meerscham pipe, from which he is enjoying a few final puffs; while near him stands a trusty and lusty henchman with his Winchester repeater and his double-barrelled express. The news he has to give us is chequered with evil tidings. Last night a bold attempt was made to drive the elephants by torch-light, but, like other night attacks not unknown to history, it ended in partial failure, which might have been total discomfiture. A glorious success attended the first rush, and then unluckily the back line, confused by darkness and thick jungle, took up too forward a position, planted their fires, and found they had shut off one-half of the herd, with the result that twenty-five of the enemy escaped scot-free and were seen no more. However there were known to be at least twenty elephants still in the toils; everything was ready for the fray, and we were soon in the thick of it. Words could not describe the hideous din of the onslaught; the shrieks and the yells, the taunts and the invectives, the discord of horns and rattles; and in front the dull crashing of the huge beasts through the jungle, varied by occasional volleys of musketry, as some great laggard in the rear turned for a moment to face his opponents. Then there would be curious moments of simultaneous silence, and it was possible, by a little creeping and manœuvring, to get close up to the quarry as they stood listening suspiciously in some thick thorn-brake, doubting in which direction to seek escape, until a sudden panic started the unwieldy ranks into a heavy trot, and the trees and creepers parted to right and left, beyond reach of eye and ear, and we waited anxiously for the first tell-tale shot, announcing that the foe had arrived at, and been repulsed from, the further limit.

And so we hunted the great beasts well into the noon, oblivious of the heat and regardless of the thorns. Excitement is a marvellous antidote to hunger and fatigue, nor was there any thought of either until a halt was called. The lines took up their position with amazing rapidity; fires were lit and muskets re-loaded; and we threw ourselves down under a mighty banyan-tree, and sent rapid messengers to the rear for sandwiches and soda-water.

It is the last day of the hunt. The elephants have been driven bit by bit into a patch of jungle not a quarter of a mile from the yawning entrance to the kraal, which has every right to be inscribed with the motto over Dante's famous portal. It only wants a vigorous effort to thrust them into it, and that effort is about to be made. We take a tempting position up a patriarchal tree that commands both the jungle prison and the kraal-mouth. It is curious how extremely brave you feel at a kraal when you are safely astride of a firm branch; how you criticise the operations of the beaters and musket-men, and courageously chaff your friends below whose want of activity has deprived them of a similar excuse for bravery. But there is a terrible obstacle in the way of final success, in the shape of what is fondly called "the highroad," though it is merely a sandy track, remarkable for the undetermined depth of its ruts. This lies right across the line of march; can the elephants be got over it in broad daylight? For we have had enough of night attacks and torch-light failures. The struggle is soon raging beneath us; and for a good hour we can trace the evolutions of the "heady fight," and the movements of the enemy and their pusuers, in the swaying of the tree-tops and the crashing of the jungle, and the shrill trumpeting of fear and rage, and the shouts and shots of the dusky army. Closer and closer it comes, up to the very verge of the road, but nothing will persuade the giants to break through the fringe of trees; again and again they break back, facing fire and smoke rather than publicity, only to be driven forward again, by volley upon volley of blank cartridge and an ever-increasing array of beaters; until at last a great head, with sensitive trunk outstretched, comes peering out of the thick bushes, and a tentative foot paws the sandy rut. The prospect is plainly not encouraging, for the monstrous body is on the point of turning round again; but luckily the beaters guess, or

are told of, the state of affairs. Pandemonium let loose could not have excelled the outburst of triumphant hubbub; the die is cast, and the crossing of the rubicon commences. The enemy are led by an enormous bull, which scorns to hurry, and proudly marches, as though with the honors of war, from the evacuated fortress; then follows a female, perhaps the queen of his harem, much occupied with the protection of her two tiny calves; and it is touching to see how carefully she guides and guards one with her trunk, while the other holds on lustily with his trunk to her stumpy apology for a tail. The rest of the herd are less interesting and less dignified; there is no attempt to defend the rear, which is seized with the sentiment of *saute qui peut*; helter-skelter they rush over the blinding sand, and are lost to view in the thick trees that guard and conceal the fatal entrance. They are given but a short repose in this last shelter; just long enough for the attacking army to eat the midday rice, but sufficient for one more despairing effort on the part of the besieged. We have left our coign of vantage and are standing on the road, chatting to a hungry musketeer and rejoicing with him over the success of the morning's efforts, when suddenly there is heard the rush of a heavy body through the trees close to us, and out bursts the great bull into the open, his trunk curled up tight for striking, his tail in air, and a look of desperate wickedness in his rolling eye. But the besiegers are ready for him, even at rice-time; guns are seized in an instant, and a fierce volley greets and stops him ere he has time to pass the watch-fires; he hesitates, and the elephant, like the man, who does so, is lost. Two bold sentries step forward and pepper his feet and trunk with small-shot; the line closes on him, firing as it closes; a great shout runs down the length of it, and the champion, finding the better part of valor in discretion, retires with uncurled trunk and drooping tail.

The battle is practically over. The entrance to the kraal is rendered more and more inevitable by gradually closing lines; the herd wanders into it almost unconsciously; a stockade, corresponding to the one at the further end, is run up and lined with guns, and the prisoners have begun their captivity. The scene at the summit of the amphitheatre (if one may apply such a term to an oblong) is picturesque in the extreme. Spectators from every village in the neighborhood

have been pouring in all the morning, and the fairer (or shall we say gentler?) sex is at last allowed to appear now that the danger is over. Brilliant and dazzling are the colors scattered over the black volcanic rock that rises from a sea of jungle; wild and terror-stricken are the rushes of the huge captives in the toils; most audible is the buzz of contented conversation above, most pitiable the trumpetings of impotent rage below.

But the wild herd is weary at last of tearing up and down the narrow arena, for the heat is very great, and the low jungle is trampled down sufficiently to admit of successful operations. The stockade at the entrance is opened, and the four tame elephants march stealthily in. Each carries two mahouts and plentiful store of strong rope, while by the side, or rather under the cover, of each walk two men armed with sharp spears and two nooses. The leader of the tame gang is a mighty tusker, on whose courage and coolness everything depends, for the other three are but novices, and five to one is long odds in a mammoth battle. The object to be gained is to approach the captives so quietly as not to startle them into a series of wild gallops, to cut off one of their number by a well-timed flank movement, and to hem him in. Then will the clever nooser do his work, and slip a deft loop over the hind foot directly it is lifted, while his comrade fastens the other end to a neighboring tree, and — *actum est de elephanto*. But there is many a slip between the lasso and the elephantine foot. All goes smoothly at first. The decoys steal knowingly along the side of the rock wall to within ten yards of the herd, stopping or advancing according to each sign of apprehension or confidence, when suddenly the wild ones scent danger, and escape being impossible, determine on resistance. The huge champion of the herd challenges the tusker, in knightly fashion, to single combat, and advances on him with stooping head and a reverberating roar. You can almost hear the great skulls crash together, so near do they approach, when out step the spearmen in the nick of time, and strike their keen spears into the soft flesh of the trunk, and the charge is averted. But the champion's followers are bent on mischief in spite of his discomfiture; charge follows charge with furious frequency; one of the tame ones is in full fight for the rear, and the tusker and his satellites have all they can do to save the retreat from turning into a fatal rout. An exciting in-

cident happens just below us. A spearman has delivered his thrust at a charging foe, but the spear breaks short off near the head, and remains sticking in the elephant's trunk. He retires, disarmed, to the shelter of the tusker, trips over a root, and falls prone. His enemy is upon him in an instant, bending his head to crush him. It is a sickening moment. One cannot breathe. Suddenly the beast starts back with a shriek of pain and rushes up the arena. The spearhead in his trunk caught in the ground as he was delivering the fatal blow, and gave him such a wrench as he will hardly forget in a week, and the man is saved.

It takes some time to bring up the tame elephants to the attack again, for the first defeat was demoralizing in the extreme, and it is not until a plentiful feed, numerous incantations, and the arrival of a fifth ally have restored their courage that the perilous game recommences. But the wild ones are by this time exhausted with their very wildness, and gather into detached, weary knots; their charges are mere feints, and at last a straggler is hemmed into a likely corner. One moment of suspense as the nooser creeps noiselessly up to him; a wild, abortive struggle with the unyielding tree, and the first fruits of the hunt are securely reaped. The remainder of the work is comparatively easy. Success breeds success, and one after the other the victims fall to the wiles of their pursuers. The moon rises over the strange scene as we leave it for the camp; the rocks are alive with little fires that form the centres of chattering, hungry groups; the sea of jungle is very calm and pale; the grim prisoners below are straining hopelessly at their fetters, and sniffing sullenly at the food thrown to them; and a glorious week's sport has reached a happy end.

S. M. BURROWS.

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From Murray's Magazine.  
OYSTERS.

THAT most charming naturalist and genial observer of all things animate, Frank Buckland, used to say that oysters, like horses, have their points. "The points of an oyster are," he tells us, "first, the shape, which to be perfect should resemble very much the petal of a rose-leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell; a first-class thorough-bred native should have a shell of the tenuity of thin china or a Japanese tea-

cup. It should also have an almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opalescent lustre on the inner side; the hollow for the animal of the oyster should be as much like an egg-cup as possible. Lastly, the flesh itself should be white and firm, and nut-like in taste. It is by taking the average proportion of meat to shell that oysters should be critically judged. The oysters at the head of the list are of course 'natives';\* the proportion of a well-fed native is one-fourth meat. The nearest approach to natives, both in beauty and fatness, are the oysters of Milford in south Wales. The deep-sea oysters, such as the white-faced things dredged up in the Channel between England and France, are one-tenth meat; while the very worst are some Frenchmen, which are as thin and meagre as French pigs."

Such are some of the points of an oyster. But we nineteenth-century mortals have but little time to observe and consider all the points of even such things as lie very near to our hearts (I speak anatomically, of course),—things fit for digestion. I have no doubt that by some, perhaps many of my readers, the "petal of a rose-leaf" and the "Japanese tea-cup" will be dismissed as mere poetry, and that for them the philosophy of oysters may be summed up in the one statement, "the flesh should be white and firm and nut-like in taste;" that is, if *nut-like* expresses with any due adequacy so pure and concentrated a relish.

It is perhaps well for us that we are able thus to seize upon the points of real vital importance, and to eschew those which do not immediately concern us. We smooth our shirt-front as we dress for dinner, without concerning ourselves with such questions as how it came to be woven and stitched together; we step into our cab, and pity the poor devils we pass in the streets, but do not pause to consider their all-too-painful points; we chuckle with our host over the bargain he has driven, without deeming it necessary to enquire what the cheapness of some of our goods involves; we murmur little pretinences to our fair partner as we cross the hall, without pretending to realize their meaning, if indeed they have any; and then we sit down to dinner and swallow our oysters, without any idea of how they came to be raised, and without realizing, perhaps without knowing, that they are complex organized creatures, instinct with life and motion.

\* "Natives" are oysters artificially reared, those found naturally being termed "sea oysters."

Motion? Yes, motion. As I write there lies before me, tastefully disposed on its natural dish, an oyster in the form in which it glads the sight of hungry mortals when grace has been said, and they have taken their seats at table. With fine scissors I snip off a delicate slice of the so-called "beard" which constitutes the oyster's gills; and this slice I place on a glass slip, covering it with a thin glass disc, and then transferring it to the stage of my microscope. Would that you could see, my friend, the trembling, quivering, glancing life that is thus disclosed! The field of the microscope is occupied by the yellowish translucent material of which the gill is constructed. Across it run a number of closely set parallel bars, and here and there between the bars is an elongated slit. Each slit is the centre of a little living whirlpool; for the edges of the bars that bound it carry a vast number of delicate microscopic translucent hairs, which are waving to and fro in ceaseless motion. The waves travel in one direction down one side of the slit, and in the opposite direction up the other side of the slit. Hence the appearance of an elongated living whirlpool. In the eight or ten square inches of gill-surface there must be tens of thousands of these trembling life-whirlpools, all of which, my friend, you suddenly engulf, with a gentle smothered smack of the lips.

"I suppose," says Professor Huxley, "that when the sapid and slippery morsel—which is and is gone, like a flash of gustatory summer lightning—glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery (and going machinery too) greatly more complicated than a watch."

In the paper from which I quote these words (*Eng. Ill. Mag.*, Oct., 1883), Professor Huxley describes in some detail the anatomy of the oyster. Thither let the reader repair, if so he will, for an account of the same. All that I propose to do here is to say a few words, suitable for those who do not like to be altogether ignorant of such matters, but have neither the time nor the inclination to be fully instructed on the life-history of the oyster from its birth to its descent into the eager and expectant tomb.

I would that I could induce each one of my readers to examine an oyster. There is really nothing like actually seeing a thing. I don't mean to suggest that he should pause in the deglutition of his half-dozen natives at Scott's, or should waste threepence-halfpenny on the mere

satisfaction of his understanding. That would be too much to expect. But I would ask him to expend a penny on a second or third-rate fish (he needn't eat it), and devote a few minutes to making out so much of its structure as may without the smallest difficulty be seen. I am not asking him to dissect it. All that is necessary is to turn over its parts with a toothpick.

First let him notice, before the oyster is opened, how tightly the two valves of the shell are closed. An oyster, if the shell be not chipped or otherwise injured, may live for two months or more out of water, especially if it be placed with the hinge uppermost. The water within the shell is thus retained in the most favorable position for keeping the gills moist. But if the shell be chipped, the water drains away or evaporates, and the creature dies.

The opening of an oyster, like many another apparently simple operation, requires some skill and is based upon previous knowledge. The hollow between the valves of the shell is occupied by the living mollusk. From valve to valve there passes a powerful muscle, the scar of the attachment of which is readily seen near the centre of the inner face of an empty shell. It is by means of this muscle that the oyster closes its valves with such a firm grip. To open the oyster it is necessary skilfully to insert a strong flat knife between the living mollusk and its shell, and to cut the muscle close to its point of attachment. When this is done, the shell gapes about half an inch through the action of an elastic cushion near the hinge, which when the shell is closed is in a state of compression, but which when the oyster dies and the muscle relaxes, or when the muscle is severed, serves by its elasticity to force the shell agape.

When the oyster has been opened and the valve of the shell has been removed, then—unless the force of habit prove too strong and the mollusk be incontinently swallowed, for even a penny oyster hath its charms and its temptations—then, I say, the following points about its structure may be readily made out, and all the more readily if it be placed in a soup-plate of water. In the first place the mollusk will perhaps not occupy the whole surface of the shell. This is due to severe muscular spasms consequent to the shock its system has recently undergone. But in the living state, closely applied to the whole of the interior of the two valves, are the two lobes of the mantle, which are

given off from the body as thin layers of fleshy substance, the edges of which are thickened and bear a coarse reddish-brown or dusky fringe. In the contracted mollusk, as it lies in the shell before us, the mantle-lobes may be recognized by their fringed edges.

Our next task is to find out which is head and which is tail in our oyster—or rather, since it hath neither head nor tail, its top and bottom, its front and rear. The hinge is at the top, the valves of the shell on either side. The oyster usually rests on its larger and more convex left valve, so that, like a flounder, it lies on its side. The hinder margin of the shell is usually somewhat straighter than its anterior edge. This and the shape of the shell will generally serve to distinguish right from left and front from back. But the front of the contained mollusk itself may readily be distinguished from its rear by the sickle-shaped gills, four in number, which curve round in front of the body, and lie between the mantle-lobes. The gills are often spoken of as the “beard.” And in addition to this fleshy beard there is also a kind of fleshy moustache, consisting of two flaps on each side arising from the corners of the wide, slit-like mouth, which must be sought in front, beneath a sort of hood under the hinge. It lies in the vestibule, a cavity which extends for some distance above the body. The mouth leads into a coiled alimentary canal, which terminates just above the hinder end of the sickle-shaped gills in another large chamber.

I am beginning to despair of the oyster's remaining so long uneaten. But if it be still unswallowed, the self-denying observer will have no difficulty in recognizing the curved gills with their delicate radiating striations, will readily find the vestibule and mouth at their upper ends, and may pass his toothpick into the large posterior chamber which runs along the whole length of their inner edges, communicating with the tubes of their somewhat spongy substance, and opening widely beneath and behind the body.

We have seen that on the sides of the gills and around the microscopic slits by which they are pierced, there are myriads of delicate translucent hairs continually lashing the water. Upon the activity of these hairs the oyster depends for food, for oxygen, for very life. At first sight the oyster would seem to be in bad case. It is fixed and sedentary all its adult life. Its ancestors had indeed, like most bivalve mollusks that now exist, a fleshy foot pro-

jecting between the inner gill-plates, by means of which they could perform some sort of sluggish motion. But through lazy and sedentary habits the oyster tribe has lost, or well-nigh lost, this foot; the oyster has literally one foot, and that its only one, in the grave. This, however, is no very great disadvantage, for though the cockle is able to hop with some effect, the monopodal progression of mollusks would give them but a lame chance of a livelihood had they no other method of capturing their prey. The food of the oyster consists of such microscopic organisms and organic particles as float freely in the water. By the lashing of the invisible gill-hairs a current of water is set up which partly sweeps upwards along the gill-plates to the vestibule, and partly passes in at the slit-like gill-meshes, and thus through their spongy and tubular structure into the posterior chamber. Thus through the edges of the shell, and between the mouth-margins, a constant current passes inwards; while an equally constant current passes outwards through the posterior chamber. The blood in the gills is thus aerated; the ejecta from the alimentary canal (and also the kidney) are swept out; and at the same time food-bearing water is carried to the vestibule, where the myriad transparent hairs which cover the moustaches sweep the unsuspecting minutiae into the slit-like mouth.

I often wonder whether so tasty a morsel as the oyster itself possesses a sense of taste. Were nature just, this sense should be well developed. One would fain hope that our sapid friend's fleshy moustachios may minister to taste; that for him too there may be some gleams of “gustatory summer lightning.” As a hope, however, it must remain; there is no conclusive evidence that the oyster possesses a sense of taste. Indeed it does not appear that nature has been in any way lavish towards the oyster in the matter of sensory endowments. Its sense of hearing has gone along with the foot, in which organ the auditory sac is lodged in less sedentary mollusks. Smell, or rather some sense by means of which it can test the incoming water, it may have. A sense of touch, distributed especially, it may be, along the mantle-fringe, is undoubtedly present. There are no eyes; but the dusky-colored mantle-fringe is probably vaguely sensitive to light. For when the shadow of an approaching boat is thrown on to a bed of oysters they are said to close their valves before any undulation of the water can have reached them.



I have not been able to glean any anecdotes of the intelligence of oysters. The most favorable report I can give is from the pages of the Rev. W. Bingley's "Animal Biography." "The oyster has been represented, by many authors," he says, "as an animal destitute not only of motion, but of every species of sensation. It is able, however, to perform movements which are perfectly consonant to its wants, to the dangers it apprehends, and to the enemies by which it is attacked. Instead of being destitute of sensation, oysters are even capable of deriving some knowledge from experience. When removed from situations that are constantly covered with the sea, they open their shells, lose their water, and die in a few days. But when taken from similar situations, and laid down in places from which the sea occasionally retires, they feel the effect of the sun's rays, or of the cold air, or perhaps apprehend the attacks of enemies, and accordingly learn to keep their shells close till the tide returns." From this it would seem that if an oyster be left high and dry he briefly considers his situation; if he deems it probable that the tide will rise and again submerge him, he shuts his shell and determines to hold out as long as he can. But if he thinks there is no chance of the tide's returning he gives way to despair, opens his valves, and dies. As to his facts, however, old Bingley seems to be right. Just as some fresh-water organisms may be gradually accustomed to water with a greater and greater amount of salt, until they can live in sea-water which would have killed them had they been suddenly placed in it, so may oysters be gradually accustomed to a longer and longer exposure to the air without gaping. And this fact is turned to practical account in the so-called oyster-schools of France. But on the amount of intelligence involved in the process I leave others to speculate; for I am terribly sceptical of our ever attaining to much knowledge of molluscan psychology.

During the summer months oysters become "sick," and are then out of season. But the sickness is not unto death but unto life. For if a sick oyster be examined, the mantle-cavity and the interspaces between the gills will be found to be packed with a granular slimy substance, known to fishermen as "white spat," and disclosed under the microscope of the naturalist as a teeming mass of developing eggs. As development proceeds, the granules become colored, and the fishermen then call them "black spat." Frank

Buckland likens the spat in this condition to very fine slatepencil-dust; and he found from experiment that the number of developing eggs in an oyster varies from eight hundred and twenty-nine thousand to two hundred and seventy-six thousand.

"One fine hot day the mother oyster opens her shell, and the young escape from it in a cloud, which may be compared to a puff of smoke from a railway engine on a still morning. Each little oyster is provided at birth with swimming organs, composed of delicate cilia, and by means of these the little rascal begins to play about the moment he leaves his mother's shell."

The "little rascal" in some respects resembles and in other respects differs from its mother. It resembles its mother in having a shell of two valves, but the valves are smooth and transparent as glass; symmetrical, and united by a straight hinge. The mouth, which as yet of course has no moustache, is large and opposite the hinge. There are no gills. The shell is closed by a muscle similar in function to that of the mother, but different in position. But the most noticeable point of difference between the little rascal and its mother is the possession of an oval cushion projecting between the edges of the valves, and bearing on its edges the delicate swimming hairs by which the little embryo mollusk propels itself through the water amid its myriad companions, and enjoys for a while a vigorous and active life. By means of special muscles, the cushion with its swimming-hairs may be withdrawn into the shell, whereupon the oyster sinks.

It is pleasant to think that even the sedate and sedentary native enjoys, if only for a few days, an active, frisky, mischievous boyhood. In this it resembles the vast majority of bivalve mollusks. Our oyster is indeed peculiar in affording any protection to its young. Most bivalves, and even such near relations as the Portuguese oyster and the American oyster, are cast adrift so soon as they are born, and undergo no period of incubation beneath the mantle-wing of the mother. A curious example of a somewhat similar protection is afforded by the fresh-water mussel. The eggs in this case become lodged in the chambers of the outer gills. Here they develop into embryos so unlike the parent that they used to be regarded as parasites. They are minute bivalve shells, with triangular valves. The hinge runs along the base of the triangle, while the apex is curved round

into a strong toothed beak. The small fry remain for a long time in the grill of the parent, the neighborhood of fish such as perch or sticklebacks seeming to have some influence in determining their ejection. They then swim by flapping their valves, and ere long attach themselves, by fine threads with which they are provided, to one of the fish, and hang there, snapping their valves until they bury them in the skin of the fish. Becoming thus enveloped in the skin they there undergo a complete metamorphosis, by which they are converted into tiny mussels which are set free and drop to the bottom. This, in the case of the mussel, is nature's provision for the preservation of the race. Were the fry hatched as free-swimming embryos, they would inevitably be swept away by the seaward current of the river, and the mussel, as a fresh-water race, would be unable to maintain its existence.

The existence of the adult oyster is not altogether free from danger. What with sponges tunnelling in their shells, dogwhelks boring neat holes and sucking their sapid juices, and artful starfishes waiting for them to gape, and then inserting insidious fingers, they have rather a lively time of it. But the short active life of the oyster fry is beset with yet greater dangers. It is a sensitive little thing, and succumbs to the cold of inclement seasons. It is also a tasty little morsel, and is greedily swallowed by any marine monster that has a big enough mouth—for there are epicures in plenty among the marines. And when, tired of the giddy dance of youth, he would fain settle down into sedate and sedentary bearded oysterhood, it is but too probable that the inexorable tides and currents, of the very existence of which he, like many another gay youngster, was doubtless ignorant, have swept him out into the deep sea, or to some uncongenial spot, where he is choked so soon as he endeavors to settle.

The settlement of young oysters is spoken of by the fishermen and oyster-farmers as a "fall of spat." It is part of the business of oyster-culture to collect the spat, which may then be transferred to some locality especially fitted for the growth and fattening of the young mollusks. For this purpose tiles are employed, covered with a layer of chalk, which is afterwards easily removed, together with the young oysters adhering to it. These are placed on the bottom. But they are apt to get covered with slime, or to lose the roughness of their

surface, and thus to become unsuitable for the reception of the spat. To obviate this difficulty floating collectors are now in some places employed. These are moored near the surface where the oyster fry disport themselves before their shells become so thick as to weigh them down. Floating cars or frames containing seed-oysters are also sometimes employed with considerable success.

When they first settle, and adhere to the tiles and collectors, or to the gravel, dead shells, etc., which form the natural collecting medium (or "culch," as it is termed), they are very minute. But they grow rapidly, and in six or eight months attain the size of a threepenny piece, when they are known as "brood." The diameter of an oyster at two years is about two inches; another inch is added in the third year; after which the growth is much less rapid. At the Fisheries Exhibition, the South of England Oyster Co. and the Whitstable Oyster Co. showed shells of oysters which had produced black spat at the age of one year. As a rule, however, the oyster does not attain its majority until the third or fourth year, and produces the greatest quantity of spat from the fourth to the seventh year. The spatting season usually commences in May, but depends much on the temperature, being deferred till a later period in a cold season. In a warm lake on the south coast of Sweden—which forms a natural hothouse for oyster-culture,—oysters are found to contain ripe spat as early as the end of March. The spatting season may continue until the end of September. And one of the most curious facts in the natural history of the oyster is this: that so soon as she has laid her eggs the mother oyster changes her sex and becomes a male. Whether this change of sex takes place several times in a season, and if so, how often, is not known. It is a curious arrangement; but, depend upon it, it has not been instituted by nature without a purpose.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE THAMES.

SINCE the Norman Conquest the river Thames, glorious river as it is, has been one of the great plagues of London. From the period when a fosse or ditch, called in the end the Fleet Ditch, first began to surround the wall of the city of London,

the Thames, as the receptacle of this foul tributary and of many after tributaries equally foul, has been literally and sentimentally in bad odor always with the metropolitan community. The pollution of the Thames is indeed a wonderful piece of history, to which various classes of people have contributed something descriptive and definitive. The Carmelite Friars, the Friar Preachers, and the Bishop of Salisbury complain to the king and the Parliament in 1290 that the putrid exhalations rising from the sewage which is on its way to the Thames from the Fleet River are so strong that they are the cause of the death of many of the brethren, and actually destroy the odor of the incense on the altars. In the great plague of London in 1593, eleven thousand five hundred persons died from the plague, one-third of whom lived on the borders of the great ditch which disembogued into the Thames. In the plague year of 1625 the deaths from the epidemic numbered twenty-five thousand four hundred and seventeen, upwards of a seventh of which took place in the same localities. Coming down many centuries to a great epidemic, not of black death, but of the newer plague of our own century, cholera, we find a repetition of the same complaint against the pollution of the great river. In the year 1854 a London physician and sanitarian of distinguished eminence, the late Dr. John Snow, is found by the historian systematically at work tracing out, by a new inquiry, the danger of the river as a source of the disease. Snow shows that polluted water which has been sent into the stream is allowed, still polluted, to be brought back to the London people for them to drink and become thereby poisoned of cholera poison. He finds two water companies, extant at that time, bringing water for drink into London houses from the Thames, but under differing conditions. One company goes high up the river for its source, and purifies fairly the supply which it afterwards circulates. The other company comes low down near to the great city for its source, and does not purify its supply sufficiently before it circulates it. The result is, as he informs us, that out of two hundred and eighty-six fatal attacks of cholera occurring in the south districts of London, supplied with water by these two companies, the areas of supply being the same, the proportion of fatal cases to each ten thousand houses fed by those companies were in the houses having the worst supply as seventy-one to five in those having the better

supply. And at this hour, although no great epidemic like black death or cholera is raging, there remains a complaining spirit, which finds expression on all sides, in relation to the dangers which must follow unless proper and wholesale measures be taken to purify and to secure purification of the Thames, by a system that shall be perfect in its details and permanent in its operation. Political events of a more immediate and as it seems of a more pressing kind hold urgent complaint for the moment in check; but it is for a moment — no more.

#### PRIMITIVE SUPPLIES.

THE idea of preventing the Thames from becoming a source of danger to London has been present in the minds of Londoners during all historical time. Dangers have been recognized, and the remedies — it may even be said the preventive remedies — have been suggested, and to some extent carried out. Attempts have been made to prevent the casting of polluted materials into the river; and as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. so earnest was the purpose of enforcing this practice that fines were laid on those who should throw any soilage or offal into the stream. To prevent the introduction of such impurities into the river during the night lights were ordered to be placed on the river, and open boats, receiving all the sewage and offal, were to convey it to whatever place the city authorities should direct. It will be shown further on that this suggestion, in a little different form, is one of the measures which will in all probability have to be repeated in true practical working and method.

Another set of attempts for the same purpose of purification were based on the endeavor to supply the people of London with water, for drinking and for other domestic purposes, from wells and other sources away from the river, and to let the waters so brought in, escape, after they have performed their service, by tunnels or sewers into the river. In this way the river, it was supposed, would become the grand scavenger of the city, and would bear away all impurities to the sea without bringing any back to the city.

In the early days of the metropolis an arrangement of the kind named was extremely natural and easy, for the different wells and brooks were at the doors of the people. The River of Wells, afterwards called Turnmill Brook, supplied Cripple-gate and Aldersgate; a branch or tributary of it gave water to Old Bourne; Wall

Brook, entering by Moorgate, ran into the great river, feeding the people on its way; Long Bourne took its rise in Fenchurch and ran westwardly by Lombard as a swift current also to the river; while at the farther parts were numerous wells, from which the people drew their water or raised it in fountains, "sweete wholesome and cleere" — to wit, Holy-Well, Clerken-Well, and St. Clement's Well. Some, moreover, who lived on the actual banks of the Thames went to the river for their waters of life, a privilege which they held hard and fast by for many a long day. The late admirable medical scholar, Dr. Francis Webb, F.S.A., who thirty years ago looked up for me, for the pages of the *Journal of Public Health*, many of the facts bearing on this topic, found that the first departure from the primitive methods named above took place in the reign of Henry III. By that time the primitive supplies were not sufficient "that the poor may drink and the rich may dress their meat." Water was, therefore, conveyed from the town of Tyburn — that is to say, from a spot near to and to the west of the place where the Marble Arch now stands — by great leaden pipes into the city. There, in West Cheap, a big leaden reservoir was erected and castellated with stone.

#### ENGINEERING PROJECTS.

The method of bringing in water from a distance through pipes into reservoirs was soon extended, and with the original or primitive supplies from brooks, wells, and the margin of the river, was continued until the time of Elizabeth, when a third plan, that, namely, of lifting Thames water by machinery into the city, was shown to be practicable and was immediately adopted. Webb, following Stow, gives the credit of this invention of raising water to a Dutchman named Peter Morris, in the year 1582. Morris forced the water of the Thames through pipes by a mill — "a most artificial forcier standing near to London Bridge." The lord mayor and the aldermen came down to view the mill of Peter Morris brought into action, and were, as well they might be, much surprised at seeing the ingenious Dutchman throw water over the steeple of St. Magnus.

The success of Morris's plan did not prevent the introduction of other and supplementary engineering schemes. It was proposed in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth that a river should be cut towards the north of the city, in order to

bring in a current to clean the sewers, open watercourses, and drains; and an Act of Parliament was passed under the hand of the queen for permitting this design to be accomplished. It was not, however, attempted until after her death.

Three years after the death of this sovereign (1606), the then lord mayor, Sir Leonard Halliday, went heartily into the design of bringing a new river into the city from the north side, for cleansing of sewers and ditches; his next successor in office, Sir John Wallis, seconded these efforts warmly; and although the river was not yet cut, floodgates were set up at the Old Bourne and Fleet ditches, and the sewers were well cleansed.

The year 1613 was rendered memorable by the completion of the New River supply under the direction of Mr. afterwards Sir Hugh Middleton, whose name remains still amongst us as a household word. The supply of water was taken from the springs of Chadwell and Amwell under acts of 3 James I., cap. 18, and 4 James I., cap. 12, the name of the company effecting the improvement being the Governor and Company of the New River, brought from Chadwell and Amwell to London. The Chadwell spring was near to Ware, in Hertfordshire, derived from deep wells sunk into the chalk in the parish of Great Amwell. A further supply was added from the river Lea, and from small springs which occurred in the course of the river as it was being cut. Later an additional supply was obtained from a watershed in the district of Northall. It would be difficult to overestimate the benefit which has been rendered to London by this piece of real and sound engineering work. It was a grand conception grandly carried out, the water at all times being peculiarly free from organic impurities and abundant in quantity. So far back as 1850 the quantity delivered to London was over seventeen millions of gallons per day, distributed to over eighty-five thousand houses, and yielding two hundred and four gallons per house. The one disadvantage attached to this supply of water has been its hardness. That derived from chalk beds in the Amwell district could not fail to have the quality of hardness, and has been suspected of causing, in a few who have partaken of it, enlargement of the thyroid gland, *gôitre*. This suspicion requires more corroboration than it has ever received before it can be accepted as true, and if after a complete investigation it were found to be wholly true, it would be an infinitesimal fault by the side of the

enormous benefit which the river has conferred on the community.

On the completion of the New River, London possessed two lines of water supply founded on two different sanitary principles. In this there was no foregone intention, no principle. There was no sanitation, that is to say, in the scientific meaning of the term. Necessity was the first law, and that law was obeyed. The same has been the course of all sanitary advancements, and nearly all the grave difficulties which beset advancements at the present spring from the causes named. Good and bad plans have been interwoven in the past so closely that it becomes all but impossible to separate them. They have each alike become mixed up with every kind of personal, municipal, and national interest, until they remain as integral structures to remove one of which is to destroy the whole. If the plan of supplying London with water from sources external to the Thames, so well commenced by Sir Hugh Middleton and his friends, had been carried out exclusively from that time as London extended, the result now would have been triumphant for sanitation. There would have been what Edwin Chadwick properly calls circulation. There would have been, from the feeding rivers, a steady flow of water into the great city, and there would have been from the Thames a stream by which all the used water would have been carried away to the sea; a steady circulation always in progress.

The population of London increased too rapidly to allow of water being brought to it from sources extraneous to the Thames. Yet many attempts were made to carry out this intent. As the new central parts of London, once the western parts, of which Bedford Square is the present centre, began to rise into importance, a splendid scheme was proposed, and a petition in support of it was sent to Parliament, for bringing water to western London in a canal to be made navigable from the river Colne below Uxbridge to "Marybone." This design was on hand, according to the petition, for fifty years, and it was well devised. At a little distance from Uxbridge, on the London side, there was a famous mill called Hobart's Mill, near to which the Colne divided into four branches—the Heatham, the Stanwell, the New or Hampton Court Cut, and the Old Cut, commonly called the Duke of Somerset's Cut. The proposition was to get the new supply from the Heatham branch. Out of the Heatham stream from

the milldam of a Mr. Bullock there was a cut which diverted a large volume of water to a mill held by a Mr. Finch of Staines, which volume of water went by the name of Finch's Allowance. The proprietors proposed to buy Finch's Mill, to shut up Finch's Allowance, and to divert the water from the Colne by a second new river, starting from Hobart's Mill near Drayton, to Tyburn, whence the conduits should pursue their way to the city. Had this river been cut it would have run from fifteen to twenty miles, passing near Drayton, Cranford, Hexton, Syon Hill, Ealing, Acton, Old Oak Common, Kensal Green, Paddington, and by Welling's Farm to Tyburn, about two miles east of the old gravel pits, Kensington.

The new inland canal thus described was not successful as a project. It was a splendid project, the opposition to which seems to have been very absurd. Its projectors urged that it was demanded as a protection against fire not less than as a pure supply of water for potable uses, but their pleas were in vain. They were met by the objection that the new river would divert water from a tributary of the Thames to such an extent as to render the Thames unnavigable. Finally the whole project collapsed; how much to the loss of the new western and wealthy end of the metropolis any one may see who will take the trouble to think of the value of a fresh river supply of water pouring into Hyde Park every day of the year, to be carried whithersoever the ruling authorities might determine.

This was not to be. The Thames was too close at hand to admit of rival supplies, and in course of time residents on its banks, who had been accustomed to go to it to bring up water, began to engineer so as to raise water from it and systematically serve out the same from a common tank or reservoir. The people of Chelsea led the way. In Chelsea a waterworks company was incorporated, 8 Geo. I., cap. 26, under the style of the Governor and Company of Chelsea Waterworks. The water they sold was derived direct from the bed of the river near to Battersea.

Lambeth followed Chelsea, and obtained a charter for a waterworks company, 25 Geo. III., cap. 89. The Thames was here again the source of supply, but at a considerable distance from London. This company set indeed a good example. It went up to Thames Ditton for the source of the water it distributed.

In the first eleven years of the present



century the demand for water in the metropolis became so urgent that no fewer than five new companies were enrolled. These were the Vauxhall, 45 Geo. III., cap. 119 (incorporated with the Southwark in 1846), source of supply the Thames at Battersea; the West Middlesex, 46 Geo. III., cap. 119, source the Thames at Barnes; the East London, 47, Geo. III., cap. 72, source the river Lea; the Kent, 49 Geo. III., cap. 189, source the river Ravensbourne; and the Grand Junction, 51 Geo. III., cap. 169, source the Thames above Kew Bridge. To these companies, as an adjunct to those of the metropolis proper, should be added Hampstead, which dates back to 35 Henry VIII., cap. 10, and which derived its supply from its own springs, adding afterwards the springs of Ken Wood, and recently two artesian wells, with an occasional loan from the New River.

I have endeavored in the above narrative to show in as brief a form as possible the manner in which the water supply of the metropolis of Britain has been developed. The information I have given has so often been asked of me by general scholars, and by sanitarians who live abroad, that I venture to hope sanitarians at home will forgive me if to them the story is one retold.

At this day the companies remain the same as they have long been in regard to name and sphere of distribution; but it must be confessed in regard to them that they have very importantly improved the quality of the fluid they furnish by greater care in the process of filtration and by seeking in some instances better sources of supply. They have also done a very wise and prudent thing in appointing three distinguished chemists, Professors Crookes, Odling, and Tidy, to report regularly on the character of the water which is sent forth. The reports of these gentlemen on the water of the seven great companies, when read by the side of the official report of Dr. Frankland, are satisfactory evidence of the pains taken to make a river, which below London is sufficiently dangerous, yield from its purer water above London a supply that is free from direct danger of pollution.

#### MAIN DRAINAGE.

WHEN we collect together the reports, evidences, lectures, addresses, and papers which within the past quarter of a century have accumulated on the subject of the pollution of the Thames and of the risks which the inhabitants of London run from

impure water supply, the steadiest and most industrious reader is fairly beaten. That at least is my fate. I have a large library on this one subject alone, useful and useless; useful as supplying references as to facts and opinions, useless as not affording in itself so much as one concise essay containing a faithful analytical argument.

The main drainage scheme now in action was carried through after a very severe conflict, at a time when the scientific side of sanitation was very little understood. All kinds of questions of the most dissimilar character were brought to the front. I remember on June 20th, 1863, being present when the local representatives of the parishes of London went to Crossness Point to see the completion of the mighty system of drainage, and to lunch together — with Mr. John Thwaites, chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, as the presiding genius — in one of the sewers then newly constructed, and ready, as some said, "to commence its functions." Everything on that occasion that could be predicted was, I believe, predicted, from all of which the then most pessimist prediction has alone turned out to be true, namely, that the gigantic works would prove to be a failure as gigantic as themselves.

All the evidence which the library that has been accumulated since 1863 reveals is to the effect stated above, and I should scarcely think there is one really candid man who, whatever may have been his opinion before the wonderful experiment was tried, would not now admit that the experiment has failed.

It was believed by the supporters of the scheme that the six thousand miles of sewers would be cleared or cleansed of their contents each day as perfectly as the housemaid cleanses the grate or washes out the hand-basins. It was assumed that the removal of the sewage along the sewers would be so rapid that emanations of foul smells would be unknown. It was argued that the outfall of the sewage would be determinate; that the river would at all seasons and times be clear and free. It was foretold that the sewage cast forth would be utilizable; and it is the fact that more than two or three speculative geniuses were then and there ready to contract for the purchase of it. A really amusing incident, of which I was witness, occurred. At the main outlet a portion of sewage was allowed to flow through a temporarily constructed sewer into the river, and this little streamlet seemed to attract

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more attention than the massive works of the architect and builder. The late Washington Wilks, with Edwin Lankester and myself, watched with peculiar interest one enthusiast at this streamlet. He was calculating the loss that was bubbling away towards the devouring sea. He dolefully reckoned it up: "Twopence a second, one hundred and twenty pence a minute, thirty pounds an hour! Look at it! look at it! there it goes; thirty pounds an hour." "Yes," said tall Chairman Thwaites, who passed just at the moment, "yes, if you could catch it." From that hour it has been going at the same value, "if you could catch it," but has never yet been caught.

The praises of the main drainage scheme which thus resounded were opposed with equal force. Mr. Edwin Chadwick, who was at that time the leading authority in opposition, had all through the controversy been unmistakable in denunciation. To his mind it was the worst of schemes ever devised. It was a scheme for securing what he called sewers of deposit; it was costly to extravagance; it was a certain means of charging the air of London with foulness; it was a sure and certain way of blocking up the Thames with the refuse of London; it was a necessary step towards the pollution of the water of the Thames, so as to render it dangerous, even under the most careful supervision, as a potable water; and lastly, it was a dead loss of valuable material which, properly utilized, would yield daily an equivalent value to the metropolis of the milk of one hundred thousand cows.

Mr. Chadwick has lived to see public opinion veering round to his side, and I can find little to urge against the present system, although it has been in existence for a quarter of a century, beyond what he said when he so strongly condemned it. All the minutes of evidence of the Commission of 1883 do not convey any condemnation more explicit or comprehensive than the short and incisive prediction of failure which the veteran chief of sanitary reform originally uttered, as matter of every-day observation, whenever the scheme was discussed in his presence.

The danger of casting soilage into the Thames, foreseen so far back as the reign of Henry VIII., is, then, still before us, and the whole work of the main drainage of London has to be done over again before *aqua Londiniensis* can ever be declared *aqua pura*.

Before the present main drainage scheme was carried out the condition of

London was no doubt perilous to the last degree. For long ages the cesspool, the ditch, and the imperfect sewer were the three chief receptacles of the soilage. These were supplemented by other temporary plans which had their day. Once, in the fields of Belgravia, the soilage of parts of London was collected in Bristol barrels, and, so collected, was conveyed to the West Indian islands for fertilization of the land. The barrels were emptied of their contents, were washed, dried in the sun, and returned to their native country charged with sugar. In other parts contracts, I have been told, were made for the conveyance of the soilage to farms around London—particularly to farms on the western and north-western sides. In my early days I had as a patient an old farmer who lived near Turnham Green, who told me that his father with some other farmers whom he knew entered into regular contracts with the parochial authorities of London for the cartage of cesspoolage to their farms, and that the plan answered well as a means of obtaining good crops. Storage heaps of soilage were laid by with fresh mould over large spaces, and the land benefited.

But in spite of cesspools and directed removal of soilage, the Thames was always polluted, more polluted, it must be conceded than it has ever been since the adoption of the main drainage scheme, despite all its many and grievous faults.

#### FAULTS OF THE SYSTEM.

WHAT these faults of the main drainage scheme were, have often been related, but cannot be too often repeated until they are removed. I will point out the more important.

##### I.

IN the first place the scheme was wrong and unscientific in principle. It was false from the foundation of it. The first thing that should have been insisted upon when it was determined to drain London properly, irrespective of cost, ought to have been to divide the sewage or soilage of every house, with the water that is used for household purposes, entirely from the storm water. The sentence or saying of Chadwick, which has now passed into a proverb, was "The sewage to the land, the rain to the river," and a neater or more correct expression could not possibly have been framed. It is one which should be posted up in the office of every sanitary authority; it is one that should be taught in every school; and if in the London

drainage plan it had been acted upon, London, I believe, would by this time have been a model health city, in so far as drainage is concerned. At the same time the Thames would have been saved from impurity, and there might have been reservoirs of rain-water always stored for every laundry in and around the metropolis.

But beyond these matters of purification there would have been easily brought about the enormous advantage of economy from the practical utilization of the sewage. The sewage now is killed for all practical purposes of fertilization by the water which is wanted to carry it off. The quantity of water required in the house for merely flushing the drains and sewers is preposterously large, and to that is added the rainfall. In dry weather these supplies of water are inadequate, and in such weather we get as result those sewers of deposit which were so faithfully and confidently predicted. The sewage consequently is doubly ruined. It charges the Thames with obstructive putridity, and it goes into the sea so damaged that it can support no fertility even there, whilst it is utterly lost to the land.

## II.

THE construction of enormous sewers for the conveyance of so much soilage and water led to another necessity, called popularly the ventilation of the sewers. This consisted of the plan of making openings from the sewers into the streets in order to give vent to the accumulated gases of decomposition which are being constantly generated by the decomposition of the soilage matter which remains in the sewers, and which the water flushing, whether from the houses or from rain or storm water, or from both, is not able to bear away. To all who fully understood the true principles of town and river cleansing, this one provision of sewer ventilation into the streets of the city was a sufficient condemnation of the whole principle that was being carried out with such elaborate and costly care. It is absurd to suppose that the millions of inhabitants of a great city should be compelled to inhale from day to day the putrid emanations rising from the sewerage of their houses. Yet such was the danger introduced into the plan, and such danger still remains, the persistent record, through the most sensitive and reminding of the five senses, of the huge blunder that has been perpetrated. In wide and open places like Portland Place the sense

of smell may fail to detect the mischief of the blunder, except on days when the air is practically stagnant; but in close streets, where from the crowding of the population the danger is most imminent, the evidence of the danger is rarely absent; nay, is, indeed, so often and so strikingly present, that the wonder why the results of impure air are so tame as they are is the wonder of wonders, and is the only possible excuse for calmly accepting a hazard so great and so persistently at the doors of the multitude.

The danger does not, moreover, rest at the point named, the opening of the common sewer into the common thoroughfare. In order to prevent the return of sewer air into private houses, many of the better-class people have, from prudent motives of self-preservation, guarded their own domiciles in the most jealous manner from the back entrance of poisonous gases, by inventing, if it may be so expressed, a sort of back staircase for allowing the poison to mount into the sky attics of their neighbors. These wise and far-seeing people have well trapped their drains leading into the common sewer, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, have carried a ventilating tube on the house side of the trap from the main drain to the top of the house, so as to enable every emanation from the drain to ascend and distribute itself into the open air at the roof level. The law of diffusion of gases by which, as it is said, gases act as vacuums to each other, comes into work in this experiment on a grand scale, and it must be admitted relieves what would otherwise be a ghastly calamity. The greatest bell jar in existence, the open canopy overhead, distributes rapidly the foul gases, and by wide spreading brings them practically to naught. Yet even the eternal bell jar is not always sufficiently active. I know a house from the tube of which the bell jar acts at times so indifferently that the emanations from the house into the air inform the neighbors whence the wind is blowing without any reference to the weather; and so badly did this plan answer for the ventilation of cesspools in London, that it was once stopped on the authority of the Royal College of Physicians, by the government of the day. It is, as a matter of course, a stupid expedient, the result of one bad expedient taking up the burthen of another, the whole bad from the bottom and quite unworthy of a scientific engineering age.

## III.

A THIRD fault in the main drainage scheme which was to purify alike the air we breathe in London and the water we drink, was that it did not fully carry out its own design. It constructed great works, but it left little ones to their fate. Streets were seweraged, but houses were not drained. Thousands of houses in the metropolis, after the completion of the main drainage, were left exactly in the same danger as before. Great drains, operating like actual cesspools, were left unemptied in large houses, and so imperfectly connected with the new sewers that the sewers were to them useless. Twelve years ago in a house, the lease of which I myself bought, I found a splendidly constructed drain eighteen inches square, and extending along the whole basement from back to front, over sixty feet, absolutely filled with solid soilage along its entire length. The drain, too, did not directly open into the common sewer, but into a compound drain like a cesspool that was common to several other houses. In short, the house stood over a cesspool. And when a committee of the Society of Arts undertook an inquiry, a few years ago, into the house-drainage of one or two districts, so extensive did it find the existence of this same kind of evil that it brought its investigation to a close abruptly, from a sense of the risk it was running in disclosing so many sources of serious danger without being provided with the means for securing a remedy.

Accident sometimes discloses these evils. During the past summer the blockage of a local sewer in Marylebone, during an unusual flow of rain, caused a sewer deluge into a large number of houses. The traps were lifted up, the soil-pipes leaked under the pressure that was thrown upon them, and sewer water in some large basements was several inches deep. The excessive fall of rain diluted the sewerage to such a degree that direct evil was in this instance escaped from; but nothing could more determinately have proved the fundamental error of the system intended for purification, which now prevails in the first city of the world.

## IV.

THERE were many other faults, but the fourth and last which I shall name has relation to the water supply in its connection with the drainage of the house. It was well known, even in the pre-scientific days of sanitation, that an intermittent

system of water supply was incompatible with any efficient method for carrying away from the houses of the people the soilage of the people to any distance whatever. It was contended for, over and over again, that reform in drainage must, to be permanently useful, be taken in hand with, and only with, reform in water service. A constant water service for a constant drainage service was the argument which the best sanitary scholars of the time never ceased to urge. A correct balance between the flushing power of the water service and the size of the tubular conduit that had to be cleansed by the push or flow of water was considered to be a necessity if purification of the houses was to be accepted as the grand object of the innovation. A steady and constant supply of water, a supply measured out and weighed out for the precise requirements of the building; a soil-pipe and main drain leading from the house of just sufficient size to enable the water steadily to cleanse it; a sewer of just sufficient size to be always full and always flushed by the natural quantity of water required by the houses which fed it, — these were the conditions which were demanded by those who felt that the purification of the London air and water should from the first be done well and consistently in proper return for the gigantic sum expended upon the undertaking. In the principle thus contended for there was nothing but what was common sense itself, and what in other departments was perfectly well understood. The gunners had long before found out that to make a small charge of powder carry effectively, the gun-barrel must have its bore diminished and the rifle must take the place of the musket. Here it was contended that to make the water of the house carry away the sewage the bore of the sewer must be reduced so that the force of the flushing should have full effect.

The common-sense suggestion thus advanced was, however, entirely cast aside, and on the excuse that provision must be made for the escape of intermittent storm water, tunnels were excavated into which the regular outfalls of cleansing water were altogether powerless and absurd. "You might as well try to clean a hog's head with a bottle-brush as that there big sewer with that there dribble of water," was the opinion which a sewer man gave to me in respect to one of these follies; and the man was perfectly correct in his criticism, homely as it may seem to the reader.

In spite of all argument, all reason, the blunder was carried out to its completion. The water for domestic consumption was doomed to be left in cisterns, there to find contamination from the close air of the close houses; doomed to go out in pops to cleanse great tunnels conveying the most dangerously rich product which man possesses, to be lost altogether as a treasure and to be transferred altogether into a danger.

Recently we have seen performed a political practical joke. The Houses of the Legislature have made themselves exceptionally free from the main drainage blunder. Let all London remain in its impurity, but let the Houses of Parliament be excepted! Who would not be a member of Parliament? Once these favored representatives of the people protected themselves from common debt by virtue of their exalted position; now they shelter themselves from the last great debt by virtue of the same privilege. Let us outside take hope from the fact. Charity beginning at home sometimes extends. It may do so in sanitation.

#### WHAT SHALL WE DO?

We are brought now face to face with the question, What shall we do? We have seen how the present difficulties have been caused up to a certain point by necessity; we have detected many errors of omission and commission, each strikingly acute and surprising; we have gathered, I hope, a fair view of what is required to be done. Now we want to know how to do it.

It is quite childish to wait, pitiful to hear the argument on which the plea for waiting is defended. "London in all her history was never so healthy as now, never had so low a death-rate, never before wore so clean a pinafore." It is true. But it is all a matter of pinafore. London looks cleaner from the outside without any doubt, and may be cleaner deeper down than when she was a city of cesspools. Yet she is anything but clean, and her lower death-rate is due to other causes than her system of sewerage or the purity of her king of rivers. The immense structural changes in London, the demolition of the old centres of vice, dirt, and disease, the opening of new streets and squares, the improved education of the people, the wholesome and capacious schoolrooms for the children, the greater number of playgrounds, the daily increasing temperance of the masses, the readier means of transit from town to country, the

better feeding and clothing, the larger opportunities for recreation,—these are the influences which have reduced the death-rate, not the purification of the drains and sewers or the sweetening of the beautiful river. London, in short, is healthier in regard to all forms of social danger and social disease, barring those diseases which are of epidemic type, and which when they appear are the pestilent testimonies of the deepest-rooted evils. London is not prepared for any great epidemic, nor will she be until she is soundly sanitary from her very foundations, and the minds of Londoners ought never to rest until this position is fully achieved.

Fortunately the work to be determined upon is now well understood, and whatever social difficulties there may be in carrying it out the scientific necessities are perfectly definite and clear.

Three necessary measures must be applied.

Under London must be made absolutely pure.

The Thames must be freed from all contaminations that can admix with it.

The supply of water to London must be constant, abundant without being excessive, always fresh, always pure, and always ready for every purpose for which water is required.

To make his under London sweet and pure the Londoner must at once face the question of drainage reform in the most radical sense. He must be prepared, if he be a householder, to commence with his own house, whenever he is called upon so to do, in accordance with the perfected scheme, which insists that every house shall drain itself without interfering with or in the slightest degree tainting its neighbors. He must have his drains so laid that they shall be small enough to be thoroughly cleansable at every moment by the water which is simply required in his household, aided by the pneumatic exhaustion which transforming every closet, every sink, every gully into an exhaust ventilator, shall draw air from the room or place in which it is situated down into the drain instead of disseminating noxious exhalations into the air above. This is all as easy of accomplishment as it is effective in action.

The main drain of the house must have no encumbering traps, no ventilating tubes going up the house to pollute the upper air, but must be conveyed as a tube hermetically sealed in its course into the sewer which is to take the soilage and ordinary water of the house to its desti-

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nation. The one obligation of the householder as an individual will here end, except, of course, that he will be bound to keep his sewage pipes in order, as he now keeps his gas and water pipes.

The sanitary will have its part to play. It will have authority to arrange by a combined effort to bring, through a series of carefully sealed conduits, all soilage from the houses to a proper number of centralized reservoirs from which no emanations can escape, into which all the soilage can be drawn by the exhaust process, in which the soil can be stored and from which it can be sent for final distribution to the land, after transformation in the laboratory of nature, as a land healer and restorer and a supplier of wholesome food.

In the laying out of the mechanism for the collection of soilage advantage may well be taken of some parts of the present huge system of drainage, because, bad as that system is in a sanitary point of view at the present moment, the credit of good engineering in an engineer's point of view must, I have always understood, be allowed to it. As a laying out, therefore, as a mapped plan, it would be quite available for the new service. It can be used in some instances with telling advantages. For over a thousand miles of distance the new sewers separating the soil water from the storm water could probably be laid within the large sewers without opening the ground above, and in all cases of putting in the new and small sewers the present levels might be adopted. A great part of the work, in fact, would be found executed and ready for the new plan, by which the soilage could be gathered into its reservoirs, and the storm water scientifically or artificially shedded, ready to be stored as soft water for laundry, domestic, or public use, or ready to pass unpolluted in its natural course to the river.

London treated in this manner by the skilled engineer would be the best-drained city in the world. No house would for one moment retain its own contamination; the air would penetrate into the depths below and the citizens would be ventilated from the heavens above instead of the earth beneath. In a very short time it would be found possible to include the smoke or excretion of the fires with the soil or excretion of the houses, and the purification over head and under foot would be complete.

The last act in regard to removal of the soilage is the emptying the reservoirs

receiving and holding the soilage. I can see no difficulty on this score. To return to the system which was introduced in the reign of Henry VIII.; to have on the river thoroughly air-tight barge-tanks into which the soilage could be drawn, and which, filled with their cargo, could be steamed out to sea to go to different parts of the coast, or even to go, as in the old time, to distant lands for agricultural or horticultural purposes, would be as practical a plan as need be suggested. If for any cause this were reasonably objected to, there are canals running through the country along which the soil-barges could be borne to convenient centres for treatment and utilization. Or, with our present perfect railway system and night trains there is every facility for clearing the metropolis every twenty-four hours of its life of all that is offensive and dangerous to itself, but inoffensive and most valuable to the lands to which it lawfully belongs, and which call for it as the starving man calls for food that he may continue to live and help to make life.

With under London pure, with the soilage of London diverted from the Thames, the great river would be purified to the height of purification almost solely by the operation of laws of purification which are now simply allowed to lapse because the pollution of it, the wholesale pollution of it, by the outcast of sewage is permitted to go on. It is an observation which every acute sanitarian makes, that impurity yields interest on impurity. Let the governing powers of any institution, great or small, be impure, unsanitary, and of a certainty all under them follow in the same line. A housewife who is careless of sanitary laws has, by necessity, servants equally faulty, a house and household, by necessity, unwholesome. The managers of a parish or town who are careless of sanitary laws have officers who are also careless, an unhealthy town, a high death-rate. And in like manner, custodians of a river mighty as the Thames itself, reckless as to the extent to which they shall pollute the river, will have others equally careless, a river by necessity impure, and from its impurity a source of persistent discredit and danger.

The Londoner of the future, in facing the great practical improvement he will feel it his duty to complete, will have to decide ultimately whether he will continue to go to the Thames for his water supply for domestic purposes or whether he will so far extend the New River plan as to do away out-and-out with the Thames supply.

The fifty millions of gallons which at present he draws daily for his supplies from the different companies are derived from two sources, A, the Thames, B, sources external to the Thames, the latter yielding, say a fourth more than the former. He will have to consider whether he will save his Thames altogether, or find it most convenient to trust to his Thames altogether, and draw from that source alone.

He has been often tempted to go to a distance for his water supply. Twenty years ago Mr. John Frederic Bateman, C.E., F.R.S., with most seductive skill, tempted him to go to the river Severn for his water. From the delectable mountains which give birth to the tributaries from whence the Severn flows, from the flanks of the ranges of the Cader Idris and Plynlimmon in north Wales, Mr. Bateman promised London two hundred and twenty millions of gallons of water per day, — water pure in quality as that of Loch Katrine; water situated on the upper and lower Silurian formations; water which could be stored in magnificent reservoirs constructed on natural sites; water which would come from an elevation that would supply nearly the whole of the metropolitan district by gravitation alone; and water which would be conveyed from its starting-points a hundred and eighty-three miles from the metropolis by works so simple in their construction as to present no difficulties of an engineering kind, at a cost not exceeding £71,000 per million gallons for the first instalment of one hundred and twenty million gallons, or £49,300 per million when the full quantity was obtained.

A little later Messrs. Willoughby Hemans and Richard Hassard tempted the Londoners with a yet grander scheme. These engineers proposed to go to a distance of two hundred and fifty instead of a hundred and eighty-three miles. They found in the mountain ranges of the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, draining into the rivers Lowther, Eamont, and Greta, and adjoining the lakes of Haweswater, Ullswater, and Thirlmere, all the attributes of a locality from which an enormous amount of the finest possible water could be obtained, the existing lakes being easily and at small expense adaptable to form immense reservoirs of conservancy and storage, at convenient altitudes for the water to be drawn off and conveyed by gravitation to London. These engineers further proposed to supply all the great centres of life on the way, from the lakes to London,

the cost of the project complete for furnishing London with two hundred and fifty millions of gallons per day being laid at a sum of £12,200,000.

These are the two grandest plans that have been suggested in order to relieve the Thames from the task of supplying the metropolis with the first necessity of life, but many other plans of minor pretensions, having the same intentions and design, have at various times been brought forward. Another has been proposed for taking all the water supply of London from the Thames exclusively, from a point near to Henley, with a canal or watercourse passing by Drayton, and following very much the same line as that proposed a hundred years ago, when the Colne was about to be tapped near Hobart's Mill.

A great deal might be said on all these topics, and there is very much to be said in favor of the projects for conveying water from Wales or from Westmoreland into London, instead of drawing it from the Thames. The idea that there is any fear of the supply from the Thames showing failure, although it has been urged, may be put aside, for, as the illustrious chemists Graham, Millar, and Hoffman reported to Sir George Grey in 1851, the advantages of the present source are enhanced by the circumstance that the attainable supply from the Thames is of remarkable uniformity and may be said to be unlimited, the average volume which passes Richmond daily being eight hundred millions of gallons, or sixteen times the amount that is actually required for the metropolitan service, and the source of supply being from spongy chalk strata, "which possess an enormous water capacity, and answer the purpose of an equalizing reservoir, the discharge of water from the chalk being nearly independent of season."

Supply from the Thames may, therefore, be depended on, and I do not think it is just to urge that it is of bad quality. All the grievous fault that has been found with Thames water up to the present time is the fault of pollution. The contamination with organic matter removed, the water is fairly good, and certainly from my own personal knowledge of it and use of it for over thirty-six years I should say, as a physician, that I have never observed any quality of it that would compare unfavorably with water of other sources. It is true that coming from the chalk it is rather hard, but this quality admits of being easily rectified by the softening

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process which in Canterbury, and in some other places on a smaller scale, is carried out thoroughly and answers well. Quantity and fair quality are present in the water of the Thames, and as the river is in the heart of London we might therewith be content. The reporters, however, to whom reference was made above, add an argument against the Thames supply which has long been and still is in favor of a change. They insist that if the supply be from the river, it should be taken at a spot above the tidal influences. They also indicate that in a river running past many towns and large villages resting on its banks, there is always, notwithstanding every care, some danger of contamination. They add to this objection another, that the river during floods is liable to turbidity from natural discoloration; and yet another, that in the latter part of autumn and the early part of winter it is particularly liable to contamination from the extensive decomposition of vegetable matter in the highly cultivated district through which it flows,—a disadvantage which it shares with all rivers that do not originate in a barren, non-retentive soil.

It is the brightest of outlooks for future London to forecast it as a perfectly drained city with its river running through it receiving its storm waters, refreshing it with its currents, beautifying it and extending its beauty, but not feeding it from its own bosom. The fulfilment of this promise lies with a coming generation. It is our duty to go quickly and vigorously to work at the difficulties which more immediately beset us; to cut off from the river every source of contamination; to lay the foundations of health in the foundations of our mighty dwelling-places; and to permit the Thames to be the test of our success by the purity of its surface and the sweetness of its tide.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

Of late years there has been so much money invested, directly or indirectly, by British finance companies in Australian sheep-farming, that any matter bearing on the subject of such farming is sure to receive attention. Many persons must have heard of the rabbit plague connected therewith, but few can fairly and fully comprehend the extreme gravity of the subject. *Slowly* for years that plague

has been spreading, but swiftly of late, like the blacksmith's pennies familiar to our arithmetical childhood. He got but one penny for the first nail driven into the horseshoe, but twopence for the second, fourpence for the third, and so on in geometric progression. What had to be paid to him when the horse had been shod all round? I propose to explain the rabbit nuisance thoroughly. For this I should have some aptitude, as I resided for many years in the plague-stricken district, and had watched the spread of the evil from the commencement. I am aware that long, long ago the attention of the government of New South Wales had been drawn to the subject, that the probable result of neglect was predicted, and that remedies were suggested which might have been successful if applied in time.

To make the matter fully understood, I must first explain one peculiarity of the average Australian colonists. They are more British than the Britons themselves are. Everything that is to the fore in the United Kingdom they adopt with a zeal stimulated by their own ardent sun. As soon as any colonist gets his head above water, he goes in for what he left behind him. Be it good or bad, useful or noxious, it is good enough for him that they have it in the "old country." It appears to be hardly credible, but is a fact nevertheless, that, not content with rabbits—and after their evil doings had been fully developed—they introduced hares, and protected them by a rigidly enforced close season. One would imagine that their introducers would have foreseen what hares would come to in a country so favorable to all animal life. But no! "They have coursing at home, and we must have it here." These hares in places have become a great nuisance. They commit all the depredations which they do in the mother country, but in an aggravated form. They breed much faster than they do in the United Kingdom; they grow much larger, and are so much stronger and swifter that, as I learn from coursers, greyhounds of the best blood can hardly cope with them. But as they do not hide away in burrows, and are visible at all times of the day, they are more easily dealt with than the rabbits are; and in the interior the close season accorded to them by law is practically a myth.

Foxes of late have also been introduced. "They will help to kill off the rabbits, you know, and will give us good fox-hunting besides." These foxes are now found scouring the country in bands of twenty

and more, and not only ravage the ill-protected fowl-houses of the country-folk, but pick up any sickly lambs that are about. The colonists in the country districts gave, and, I think, still continue to give, ten to twenty shillings apiece for the scalps of native dogs (dingoes), which are somewhat stupid animals; but next carefully introduced the fox, the much more cunning fox, with the same habits. These foxes will give much trouble in the long run. Then sparrows, too, they must have, and consequently, with great difficulty can any fruit be raised in the suburban districts. These sparrows were to kill all the grubs and noxious insects, with which to feed their young; but no! as the once potato-fed immigrants now demand, and get, the finest meat in the markets, so do the sparrows levy on the finest fruits in the orchards. Deer, too, have been introduced in places, and trouble farmers somewhat. An old friend of mine informed me that when he complained of the deer trespassing on his hay crops, he was coolly informed by their introducer that he had better drive them to the pound, as he would any other trespassing animal. My friend declined the job, partly flattered at the idea that at his age he should be capable of the feat.

But to get to our rabbits. That part of Australia to which the following remarks more particularly refer is known as Riverina, so called because four great rivers flow across its mighty plain. These are (1) the Murray, rising in the Australian Alps (snow-clad during a great portion of the year), and flowing west to the ocean in South Australia; and next, its affluents from the north — (2) the Murrumbidgee; (3) the Lachlan; and (4) the Darling, rising in Queensland. The Murray is a noble stream. At Euston, a small township on its northern bank, situated below the junction of the Murrumbidgee, but above that of the Darling, the volume of water which yearly passes down the Murray is five times greater than that which the Thames conducts past London Bridge. At all times the Murray carries a fine stream of water; but in summer it is in some places occasionally fordable by horsemen, its water reaching to the saddle-flaps. In ordinary seasons the spring floods make it half a mile wide, with deep lagoons stretching far back on to the firm soil of the plains. The soil which is periodically flooded is called Boxtree Country, being thickly wooded by a variety of eucalyptus bearing the name of black box. It is necessary that these facts should be

borne in mind, as that Murray River is the boundary between the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria.

At the 141st degree of east longitude the Murray passes wholly into the territory of South Australia. The Murray River is therefore the southern boundary of Riverina, which may be said to commence at Tocumwal, about ninety miles below Albury, at which latter town the Victorian and New South Wales railways meet the river Murray.

The immense plains of Riverina are naturally waterless, except in the immediate vicinity of these rivers which cross them. After the great floods which occasionally but irregularly occur, there are, in places, large lakes and lagoons which are filled by flood-waters flowing out along irregular channels. As the rivers fall, these channels reconduct the flood-waters to the rivers; the lakes and lagoons serve as what are named compensation-ponds, and assist to keep the rivers up to a high level. These returning flood-waters are carefully and skilfully dealt with by the adjoining sheep-farmers (crown lessees), who in various ways, and at great expense, retain them for their stock. But the lawful right thus to retain or use them is undefined, and has been the source of constant disputes between the several crown lessees whose holdings are bounded by these intermittent streams; there have been many actions at law connected with their rights or supposed rights. Latterly the matter has received the attention of a Royal Water Commission — but of course, as usual, after the mischief has been done. The matter at present stands thus: on these arid barren Riverina plains (whereon naturally not even a mouse could exist) there are pastured at present some twenty or twenty-five millions of high-class merino sheep. These sheep are being gradually eaten out by rabbits. In spite of all endeavors to the contrary, these said rabbits are gradually increasing in numbers. I write of course in a great degree from recollection — from statements made in journals of the day which remain uncontradicted. But one fact proving what rabbits can do I can positively vouch for. It must be borne in mind that this is only one of many which could be adduced. On the south bank of the river Murray, consequently in the colony of Victoria, there is a station named Kulkyn, which has about twenty miles frontage to that river. The holding extends far back into arid, naturally waterless, waterless country. On that station,

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by skilful management and by command of capital, there came to be pastured about one hundred and ten thousand sheep. When I, two or three years ago, visited that station, I found that the stock depasturing it had shrunk to twelve hundred sheep, dying in a paddock at the homestead; one hundred and ten thousand sheep to twelve hundred sheep! The rabbits had to account for the deficiency. The rabbits could not *then* cross the river into New South Wales in search of fresh fields and pastures new; perhaps they had not yet learned to swim. On that station they had eaten up and destroyed all the grass and herbage; they had barked all the edible shrubs and bushes, and had latterly themselves begun to perish in thousands.

But to return to New South Wales, in which Riverina is situated. The powers that were therein looked complacently on whilst all this was going on within a gunshot of them; they were warned again and again of what must surely happen, if prompt, decisive steps were not at once taken. The idea of rabbits doing any great harm was scouted; neither in Victoria nor in New South Wales was the *Eucalyptus dumosa* country understood, nor would the government take steps to investigate what was told them of the matter until the mischief became almost irreparable. The squatters (crown lessees with uncertain tenures) would not call out stinking fish for sale. They were, at any rate, too busy with the present to think much about the future—they were too busy about securing permanent water for their stock "out back," to think much about what was creeping on to them. The more far-sighted ones stocked up their runs to their very greatest capacity in good seasons, and sold out these overstocked runs to new beginners, leaving the battle to be fought by their successors. If they thought much about the future at all as regarded rabbits, they believed that the river would stop the advancing enemy; and so it did for some years. They never dreamed of the flank attack which would proceed from south Australia, whence the enemy was advancing along the north bank of the river Murray—slowly but surely advancing. In military parlance, their right flank was turned.

The rabbits in South Australia were no doubt introduced in the same way as in Victoria. The kindly parents liked to see their children's lop-eared pets hopping about. If a pair of them now and again got into the garden, why that was only a

case of stewed rabbit for dinner now and again. By-and-by these South Australian rabbits began to creep up along the limestone banks of the Murray, in which they found kindly shelter. I am told that the South Australian rabbits which have reached Riverina show distinct traces of the pet animals; they are often lop-eared and parti-colored, quite unlike the bold grey ones which have arrived from Victoria; no doubt, in time all will throw back to the original type. But after the Victorian colonists had settled down, they were determined to have the real grey wild English rabbit. It is currently believed that a few pairs of grey rabbits turned out near Geelong, to establish a warren, have done all the mischief. That I hardly believe, but it does not much matter whence the plague has proceeded. Suffice it to mark, that when they *were* turned out to shift for themselves, to be fruitful and to multiply, they could not spread themselves *south*—that the ocean forbade. As their increase pressed on their means of subsistence, the rabbits were obliged to travel *north* to find it. This they gradually did, almost unnoticed. It is to be borne in mind that Master Bunny works and travels in the night when the decent men whom he is ruining are asleep; hardly a sign of him is visible by day. Travellers by the night mail-coaches along the south bank of the river Murray have described the noise made by the rabbits, as they cleared off from the advancing, gleaming coach-lights, as something like the pattering of a hail-storm. But that was years ago. Since then the greater number of them have died of starvation, have been destroyed, or have emigrated to those happier regions north of the river. What their increase in those happier regions might well have been, what it probably may have been, and how it may be materially checked, I propose to show.

I have heard people holding forth about the extermination of rabbits—that is now utterly impossible. Checked they may be, and the utter ruin of the pastoral interests in New South Wales may thus be averted; but after the headway that the rabbits have made, it will be long ere any great decrease can be visible. In any case, the subsequent guarding of the paddocks must be a constant and heavy drain on the possible profits derivable from depasturing them. I have asserted, and again insistingly assert, that the climate and the pastures of Riverina are most favorable to the increase of all animals, man perhaps excepted. The periodic droughts



form the only drawback. The intervals between them have not yet been clearly calculated, although an approximation has been made.

The first thing which falls to be done when forming a station on one of these dry blocks of country, is to secure a supply of water for the stock about to depasture it. When that necessary has been secured, it is found (naturally enough, when one comes to think of it) that the animals native to the country use such water supply also. It is generally believed that they suffer and disappear when the white man arrives. It is not so at all, but quite the contrary. The animals peculiar to Australia thrive and increased to an alarming degree by means of the very improvements which the intruding white man made for the use of the flocks which he introduced. Of course one does not expect to meet kangaroos or emus in the streets of Melbourne or Sydney. But for every *one* of them that was to be found in Riverina, say forty years ago, there were at least *ten* to be found in the year 1880, and so remained until Master Bunny began to show himself as a factor in the question. It is the fecundity in the whole animal creation which makes it so difficult to deal with the rabbit; but by means of that fecundity we may find the solution. We may introduce a fecund harmless animal which in its turn shall destroy the rabbit. Such animals are to be found in Australia, but they require protection, and not the persecution to which they have been hitherto subjected.

The figures and facts which I am about to quote may be so startling to any reader who is not acquainted with Australia, that I must ask him to pause occasionally and to think over the explanations as I go along. It must be borne in mind that we had intruded ourselves into Australia, which had got on very well without us; that is to say, that in the course of ages a certain order or balance of nature had adjusted itself within that island. We came, and in a variety of ways we disturbed that balance. Thus, the Australian aboriginal had spread himself along these Riverine watercourses, and found his food in their waters, or within the timbered belts which lined their banks. He brought with him man's faithful friend, the dog, which, in that vast territory, to a certain extent threw off his allegiance, and became that wild animal known to us as the dingo or native dog. I do not profess to be much of a naturalist, but I believe that the dingo was the only non-

marsupial quadruped which we found on the island of Australia when we took possession of it. At that time, on the arid plains of Riverina, the main factors of the balance of nature were—(1) the Australian savage (dubbed aboriginal), (2) his half-tamed dog, and (3) the emancipated dingo. The same may be said of the whole island, but in other portions of it it is not so plainly visible. There was very seldom any water on these plains, except within the timbered banks and bends of the rivers. The fauna could not feed out beyond reach of water, consequently they were nearly always within easy reach of their enemies (the man and his dog), who managed to keep their number down. Birds of prey also helped in this, but not materially so. The grasses, not being closely eaten down, became luxuriantly ripe, and an easy prey to the fires kindled by the aboriginal "firestick." These were started probably to insure a sward of tempting young grass to lure the kangaroos to their fate; but their first consequence was that any young trees germinating from shed eucalyptus seeds, were at once destroyed, there being no heavy-footed animals to tread them into the soil. As they lay on the surface, they were at once scotched off. Nowadays these ripe seeds dropped from the trees are trodden into the soil by grazing cattle, and then, germinating, form the dense forests and scrubs of which graziers so much complain. For we, with our sheep and cattle, appear on the scene, and all becomes changed.

Since the year 1848 crown tenants have been busied in taking up the frontage along the rivers; and as that became stocked up, they began to excavate tanks, to sink wells, and otherwise to make available the waterless back portions of the holdings within their described boundary lines. The dingoes played havoc with the sheep, which were now turned loose into paddocks fenced in to hold them. Enough shepherds could not be procured to tend them in the manner until then adopted. Mounted men, called "boundary riders," took charge of the sheep turned into the large paddocks. The native dogs naturally preferred the easily caught sheep to the swift and powerful kangaroos. Then came to be delivered the first blow to the balance of nature—viz., the destruction of the dingoes. By running them down by greyhounds and by poisoned baits, they were gradually reduced to a minimum. But then the kangaroo stepped in. Freed from their aforetime enemy the dingo, and supplied with water from the squatters'

own tanks and wells, they rapidly became numerous and troublesome. This could hardly have been expected, for the doe has but one young one at a birth, and that occurs but twice a year, I believe. Yet I can give two instances of such rapid increase which came within my own knowledge. In 1851 I had occasion to visit a station in Riverina which was stocked with cattle. I had a couple of kangaroo-dogs with me. As I was leaving, my friend asked me to chain them under my buggy, as I had to cross the Red Plain, on which there were generally two or three couple of kangaroos to be seen, and he did not wish to have them killed. He had often to drive across that plain with his wife, and she took great delight in seeing the creatures hopping about. I respected his wish, and I duly saw the kangaroos. That station was afterwards sold by my friend, who stocked it up with sheep. The kangaroos, by 1875, had become a dreadful nuisance, not only there but on every place in the neighborhood. It became necessary that they should be destroyed; and in order that the remedy should be efficacious, action was taken as nearly as possible simultaneously at the various stations in the vicinity. Drives were organized, and the poor creatures were driven into strong yards and therein shot. On the station above indicated more than twenty thousand were thus disposed of within a few months. Again, on quite a moderate-sized station with about thirty-five thousand sheep, about fifty miles from the one above referred to, I saw by the station-books that six thousand kangaroos had been killed and paid for within six months. Dogs and rifles were used in this case, the hunter retaining the skins. The hunters were still in full employment. On my journey up the river, I, missing the river road, got out into the sheep-paddocks, and it seemed to me that there were still as many kangaroos as sheep within them. After this kangarooing had gone on for a time, squatters began to hope that peace and plenty would reign on their holdings; but

Man never is, but always to be blessed.

The rabbits entered on the scene.

If I have carried my reader's attention with me, he will remember that I described how the grey wild rabbit of England had begun from the south coast to fight his way steadily north across Australia. But, at the same time, it is not to be denied that, at various places within Riverina, attempts had been made to es-

tablish the rabbit as a denizen of the soil. These attempts never were successful. I observed one case on the Bilibung Creek, where an old Devonshire gentleman tried hard so to establish them; again and again, after each failure, he renewed the attempt. He was well up in years, and did not do much more than attend to his rabbits. He was delighted when, after some slight alarm, they would scamper home from the grassy banks of the creek, and seek friendly shelter beneath the haystacks. Under them he thought that they would breed undisturbed. Again, at various sandhills on the Murrumbidgee, near Balranald, there were a few pet stray rabbits burrowing about; also on some sandhills near the river Darling, at Wentworth. These the lads from the neighboring townships easily kept under by means of their guns and dogs. In fact, the rabbits to that extent were for years a source of pleasurable excitement.

Now I come to the question, How was it that the rabbits were thus kept down for years on the north bank of the river Murray—*i.e.*, in Riverina? My answer is, that they were kept down by one of their natural Australian foes, the iguana, and by their imported foe, the domestic cat,—this latter becoming in time as wild as the former. And I confidently believe that, once we can check the rabbit increase a little, these, their natural foes, will completely master them. A little delicate management must obtain, of course, and there will be some outlay required, but much less than under the present ruinous system, whose result is *nil*. I confidently believe that in no other way can this plague be coped with. The very manner in which the rabbits appeared in Riverina—so suddenly destructive—proves, in my opinion, the truth of my hypothesis. For they did not, by degrees, spread out from small centres, as I have shown that they might have done; they came with a devastating rush. How the impetus was given to them—how the long-threatened stroke was at last dealt—is easily understood by persons familiar with the seasons. From the southern coast of Victoria these hordes had travelled on still north, until they were stopped by the river Murray. In the grassy bends of that river they fixed themselves on lands sometimes twenty feet under water, yet at other times clothed with rich swards of grass and herbs; they crept round the dry ends of deep lagoons which in ordinary years enclose islands; the soil is soft and well adapted for burrowing. They got out on

to the extreme northern points of the Victorian territory—nay, there seems no reason to doubt that some of them had annexed several small islands in the river, which appeared when the waters were low. Then the long-delayed flood came at last; with a clean sweep over the salient Victorian capes, it carried the rabbits in heaps on to the northern (Riverina) shores. All animals (except man) can swim when needs must be; even barn-door fowls and kangaroos manage in a fashion. Thousands—tens of thousands of these Victorian rabbits must have been drowned, but enough survived to establish themselves firmly on Riverina territory at different places. There they recruited their energies and gathered their forces until they set off again north—for north is still their aim. I think that this has become an instinctive desire. I hope that it has, for in such case it will make their destruction so much the easier.

It may be as well to pause here and endeavor to learn why rabbits keep marching on. It may be supposed that they are pressing on for fresh pastures. It is not so at all. For this army is on the march, and is to be viewed under quite a different light than if they had made a permanent settlement in the country which they have overrun.

When he was a boy, did any one of my readers ever keep pet rabbits? If he did, he may remember that we were taught to keep the buck rabbit in a box by himself; we were told that he would eat the young ones if he got among them. Nevertheless, we were to put the buck into the doe's box as soon as the young ones were able to take care of themselves. This visit by the buck was just to keep all in good humor. Now we know that this was in part a fable, but not altogether so. The buck does kill the young ones if he can get at them when they are very young, and the does are aware of this his propensity. Thus it happens that, in a state of freedom, after the does have had intercourse with the males and find themselves pregnant, they slip away from the males and press on in a *northerly* direction. The deserted bucks lie quietly by until some other drove of mateless does passes up to them from the south, after having kindled. Here they again mate, and the does again pass on north to kindle in safety. That northerly march has now reached the borders of Queensland, some hundreds of miles from where they crossed the river Murray. What I advise is this, that this instinct of theirs should be util-

ized; no attempt should be made to stop them, which would now be an impossibility; their march should only be stayed. Let them pass along north. The timber fences which bear east and west should be fitted with rabbit-proof wire netting in approved fashion—*i.e.*, with eight or nine inches of the wire netting laid out south, pinned down, and then lightly covered with soil. From these wire-fitted fences, stays (colonial breaks) should be run down south every mile or two; they need not be long (twenty chains would suffice), but they should be carefully fitted with netting, pinned down, as in the case of the east-and-west fences. The rabbits arriving at the fences cannot *at once* get north by burrowing under such fences, but they will travel along them until they reach a break; they will run along it until they again meet the fence, and in the angles, formed by the fences and the breaks, there should be swinging or falling traps through which the rabbits should be able to pass under the wired fence. These traps should discharge the rabbits passing through them into pitfalls fitted up to receive and retain them. These pitfalls must be periodically visited by mounted men told off for that purpose.

The foregoing is a mere sketch. There are plenty of clever practical men among the sheep-farmers of Australia who can carry out (and improve upon) the hints given. The main idea is, that as it is *quite impossible to stop* the march of the rabbits, they should always have a seemingly clear way before them; that they must be constantly disturbed *in* and hunted *out of* the southern parts of the paddocks, but never obstructed in the northern, and never *closely* dealt with until they run through the traps into the pitfalls, out of which escape should be made impossible.

To justify this expensive procedure, it is, of course, presupposed that the natural defence afforded by the river Murray has been built up again. It has once been stormed by Master Bunny—that should never be allowed to occur again. It will be more easily defended now, for agencies in Victoria are actively at work keeping down the pest. The various Victorian shire councils seem to be zealous in the matter, and in time their efforts must tell. But that is a contingency upon which New South Wales has no right to depend. A wire rabbit-proof fence, with breaks, swing-traps, and pitfalls, should be run along the north bank of the river, following its course in a general way west to the eastern boundary of South Australia.

That wire rabbit-proof fence should be some miles back from the river, and existing fences might be utilized for the purpose; it should, if possible, be north of the main roads which run down the course of the river, and it might well commence about Tocumwal.

The country between the river Murray and this rabbit-proof fence should be closely watched by the board of sheep-directors, under whose control the arrangements should be carried out — under them, or some other body of a similar character. There should be a *guiding* central authority certainly, for it is not a question which affects pastoralists only — it affects every one in Australia, and money will be required to carry out any scheme which may be fixed upon. That guiding authority must be the New South Wales executive, of course. But the directors of the sheep boards — the more immediately and directly interested persons — should have the practical working out of any scheme which may be adopted. When did a farmer in Great Britain ever get his barns cleared — thoroughly cleared — from rats? I may safely write — never. There were always a few “left to breed.” Many of the rabbiters hitherto employed in New South Wales have been smart fellows, but the best of them never would have killed that “last rabbit” about which we heard so much. When scalps got scarce, these rabbiters insisted on being shifted out to more rabbit country. In fact the whole working of the Rabbit Act hitherto has been a grand and expensive mistake; it has been a direct incentive to the propagation of the pest. That might have been foretold, and was so. It might have been different had all the people employed sternly done their duty, and had there not been so much centralization, and so much pen-and-ink work about its working — probably unavoidable under the phases it had assumed.

In any new scheme to be adopted there should be one clear fiat issued: *There shall be no more rabbit scalps (or skins) paid for.* The destruction of rabbits should be looked upon as a paramount duty — a disagreeable one, no doubt, but of most urgent necessity. It has, in plain words, come to this — that rabbits must be utterly *subdued* in New South Wales, or the colonists must once more withdraw themselves into the county of Cumberland, and therein quietly await the wearing out of the pest. That time will arrive; when all vegetation has been utterly destroyed, the rabbits must lay them-

selves down and die. To persons who fugitively glance at the matter, this may appear to be a gross exaggeration. It is not so. It is only a question of time — of a year or two — one way or another. Just about the time that the rabbits fairly made their appearance north of the Murray River, I remember that the lessee of Tapio Run told me that he had somewhere read, that from one pair of rabbits in one year there would be a progeny of sixty thousand. Now my friend must either have forgotten what he had read or his authority was a bad one. Alas! sixty thousand is soon reached, but not in one year — not quite so; under the most favorable circumstances that is quite impossible. I have, however, made a computation which includes all sorts of allowances as against the increase. I will not trouble the reader with the items; but I find that in the fifth year there might well have sprung from the original couple no less than one million and five hundred thousand rabbits. As there may probably have been hundreds of couples swept across the Murray into Riverina seven or eight years ago, I leave the reader to ponder the matter. It is asserted, truly enough no doubt, that there is a law of nature by which that increase is kept within certain bounds — for rabbits have their enemies which prey on them. That is true in the abstract; but in Riverina these useful enemies of the rabbits are carefully destroyed by the rabbit-trappers. These men are determined that the rabbits shall remain for their peculiar benefit, and take active means to secure that result. How they manage this, and how they provide for successive crops of rabbits for themselves, must form the subject of further explanation. In the mean time, each Australian who reads these lines should determine to use his influence to stop payment for rabbit scalps (or skins). Such payments actually propagate the dreaded evil. It is, of course, quite impossible to prevent a sheep-farmer from throwing away his money if he so choose. But one and all should protest against any more money going from the public treasury for the purpose of paying for rabbits destroyed. This trapping of rabbits has been such a source of wealth — such an unexpected one — for loafing tramps, for country store-keepers, and for bush publicans, that there is sure to be a great outcry at the stopping of supplies. But let the sheep-farmer employ a superior class of men henceforth with whom to fight the rabbits. Where the rabbits have firmly established them-

selves by burrowing, let the paddocks be cleared of them by contract. Let the rabbits' natural enemies be once more protected instead of being persecuted as hitherto, then we shall find the balance of nature restored, and no more rabbits come to the front than we can find a legitimate use for.

I have so far endeavored to describe the march northward of the gray rabbits turned loose near Geelong in Victoria, the most southern of the Australian colonies; their crossing of the river Murray above the junction of the river Darling therewith, and their invasion of the district familiarly known as Riverina. I have pointed out how the rabbits already within Riverina might be so dealt with as greatly to mitigate the evil—whereupon they might be in a great degree left to the mercy of their natural enemies. But in order to cause that plan to be successful, the co-operation of Victoria must be secured. This co-operation, I think, may be depended upon, if only from motives of self-preservation. But lest it should be only partially rendered, I have recommended that a line of wired fencing should be carried down a few miles north of the river Murray, and parallel with that stream, in a general way, so that any straggling rabbits from Victoria, crossing the river, should be dealt with ere they got too far out. I may here particularly point out that that fence must be, if possible, some miles away from the roads ordinarily used by loafing tramps or *ci-devant* trappers. From sheer mischief they would soon destroy the traps and have the rabbits back again. The management of the rabbits must be in the hands of the sheep boards; and the matter above alluded to they will have to watch closely—that and other matters cognate thereto.

I have also alluded to a constant creeping upwards of rabbits from South Australia, along both banks of the river Murray. That has become a serious factor in the rabbit question. After the influx of the Darling therewith (at Wentworth), the Murray becomes such a considerable stream that there is not much chance of rabbits crossing over it until it is well within the South Australian boundary line, when much of its volume has been removed by evaporation or filtration. That boundary is some ninety or hundred miles below Wentworth. The area between the Darling River, the river Murray, and the South Australian boundary is already pretty full of rabbits. The boundary between South Australia and New South

Wales is the 141st degree of east longitude bearing north from the river Murray, and has been already surveyed and fenced, but I think the fencing is not wire-netted.

The fence which I have suggested as proper to be run westerly, some miles out from and parallel with the Murray River, should be continued across the Darling River to the South Australian boundary, and breaks and traps in it should be set up, as formerly described. The facilities for working the trapping successfully in that locality are very great. Nearly all that rabbit-infested frontage is liable to inundations at uncertain intervals, which cause most of the rodents to clear out of it. Such of them as may have found refuge on islands may be driven out by what are called "rouse-about men" landed from boats, which are easily procurable. Strong reserves of such men are, or should be, kept on the various stations. The fence bearing westerly to the South Australian boundary should pass well north of Lake Victoria; the rabbits inside of it would be always well on the move, and easily dealt with if the traps were duly attended to.

But, as regards the fenced boundary line between the two colonies, it must be borne in mind that the rabbits which reach it have come out of the South Australian Murray River scrubs, and their line of march has been latterly north-east. But the same method of capture will be successful. The boundary fence should be hung with wire-netting, and breaks, if possible at every mile of it, should conduct the rabbits into pitfalls. But in this case, as one pitfall is filled from New South Wales, the next one should be filled from South Australia. Along this fence it may be in places difficult to fit up conducting breaks, as there is, for about sixty or seventy miles, a great deal of scrub. Along *this* wire fence rabbits are sure to travel long distances in summer, as water is very scarce. If my memory does not fail me, about the seventy-one-mile tree, north from the river Murray, there is water generally on some nice little plains suitable for a camp for persons attending to the breaks and traps. At about the one hundred and two to one hundred and five mile peg, one comes again to open fine country on the Buckalow Run, and water is to be had on both sides of the boundary. Here the pest has fine room to spread over a country suitable to it in every way.

From what I can remember, it is about eight years since the rabbits, crossing the Murray, started for Queensland. They



progress at the rate of about fifty miles a year, apparently as the result of an instinctive impulse, which, properly utilized, should lead to a perfect solution of the problem, so far as Queensland is concerned—that is to say, if it be not already too late.

If, three or four years ago, the southern boundary of Queensland had been fenced with wire netting, if breaks had been erected at every mile or two along that fence, to turn the travelling rabbits through traps into pitfalls; if faithful and intelligent men had been procured, to work out the simple system,—then that colony might have scorned the possibility of the danger now threatening her. Alas! it may be too late,—the rabbits most probably are within the lines of Queensland; but a second parallel may be drawn well ahead of the invaders with good effect. It is all a question of money. In any case, the cost must be great,—but it is either that or ruin.

It will be observed that I in no way pretend to suggest a method by which rabbits could be “exterminated” (that is the word which was in use when I was about the rabbit-infested district), but they can be brought within “measurable distance” thereof, and may then be left to the tender mercies of their “natural enemies.”

I have used that phrase more than once, and now define it. Their enemies are the *domestic cat* turned loose, and the *iguana*. These were comparatively plentiful at one time; but as the rabbit-trappers soon discovered them to be *their* natural enemies, they have been greatly reduced in numbers. I do not know much about the generation of the *iguana*, but am acquainted with their *destructive* powers. The domestic cat is well known to every one, but few are aware what it can do in this rabbit question. The trappers are, however. I know that I am laying myself open to the charge of “damnable iteration,” but I cannot help that. It is because I feel so very strongly that I write so insistingly. Some of my readers may recognize opinions which they have heard me long ago express. Have my words proved true or not? That is the way I put it to my intimates and associates of old. Well, then, take heed to my penned words once more. How often have some of you heard me ridicule the keeping of packs of dogs with which you were to hunt up the rabbits! Were you not told that the remedy would be an aggravation of the disease? that the

dogs would multiply and take the bush, where they would kill sheep wholesale and neglect the rabbits? Has that not come to pass? I see in some Riverina newspapers lately come into my hands that on one of the large stations, not far from Wentworth, a standing reward is offered of five shillings per scalp for *dogs run wild*. In one of my latest trips across the Riverina plains, in company with a station boundary-rider, I saw a couple of cross-bred greyhounds rounding up a small flock of weaners. The boundary-rider made off for them, and in a quarter of an hour returned with a report of about twenty “killed or wounded.” How often during that day was that repeated? Were not these dogs, or their parents, imported from Adelaide, or some other seaboard town, at a cost of forty shillings a head and passage paid? How many cats or iguanas may not these dogs have killed—animals which go about all night working for you, whilst you and your dogs are asleep!

I have written above that the trappers well know how the cat interferes with their trade. One instance is as good as twenty. Within my knowledge the cats at one station were thus dealt with. The trapper marked a shallow burrow about half a mile from the head station, into which he knew that a rabbit had entered, and must return early in the evening. He put a spring trap down for the rabbit, and five or six more traps round that first-set one. The rabbit was caught in coming out, and squealed, as usual, when seized by the trap. The station cats, aware of what the squeal meant, made for the spot, and in trying to seize the rabbit, two of them were caught and knocked on the head by the rabbit. Iguanas are killed on every possible occasion by these men, though by law they are protected. What avails a paper protection when there is not a human being but the trapper within miles of the place? There are other animals, such as ferrets, weasels, polecats, etc., which might be fitly used in the destruction of rabbits, but I do not propose to deal with their efficiency at present. The dog is to be utterly cast aside. Fox-terriers might be of service if they could be kept under control. But at present I push forward for consideration the claims of the domestic cat.

First and foremost, its habits are nocturnal. When the rabbit starts in the evening twilight in quest of his food, the cat rises for the same purpose. The

whole comparison between these two animals may be summed up in a few words; the cat is credited with ten lives, the rabbit has barely one. Hold the rabbit up by his hind legs,—he can be killed by a single blow behind his ears from your open hand. The cat is always on the *qui vive*. No reptile can approach a bush cottage without his informing you of it. He never fails to kill any moderately sized snake (say thirty inches long), if you will only allow him to attack it in his own way. In the next place, the cat seems hardly to require water if there be any animal life about; the blood of its victims seems to suffice him. I have once or twice come across them out twenty miles from any water known to any of the station hands. When running thus at large, the male cat assumes the air and demeanor of a small tiger, and all the adults of the tribe can preserve themselves from danger by the use of their climbing powers; they are not fond of leaving the timber lands far behind them. But, above all, cats do not hunt merely to feed themselves; they hunt as we do, for the pleasure of hunting, and are often satisfied with merely disabling their foe. When night falls, and it can see clearly about, it marches off, sometimes for miles, to return to its home at dawn, oftentimes laden with a titbit for its master, besides food for the kittens which had been left behind. Castration does not diminish their hunting powers and courage; and I have seen most valiant specimens. At a friend's station I knew one which, during nearly every night, brought home and deposited in the verandah a paddy-melon much larger than an ordinary rabbit. This nightly task must have evoked a wonderful perseverance. Poor fellow! the day came on which there was no game brought home. He was sought for far and near, but was never seen again. My wife had a favorite "Tommy" which would tackle anything in the world, I think (of its own weight, be it understood). That which he killed he used to bring home and deposit by night under her couch,—the door being generally open. Rabbits there were none about in those days—he and a few others like him had taken care of *that*—but I have known him to bring in a water-hen as large as a bantam, to which I had to give the *coup de grâce*. Thoughtful creature! He devoured in the garden the bodies of such snakes as he had killed during the night, but left their poison-laden heads on the gravel walks, as evidence of what he had

done for us during the hours that we were sleeping.

I shall not refer further to the cat tribe, but only here remind the sheep-farmer of the claims of this humble and despised friend. If the grazier thinks over the matter, he will discern why the cat has so many enemies. Every one in the bush is his enemy who in *any* shape or form has a share of the scalp-money. The trapper is his enemy, of course, as also every official who is connected with the "new industry," as I may call it,—the store-keeper, with whom the trapper deals, and the publicans, who welcome the trapper's well-filled purse. They who should be the cat's friend, foolishly leave him to the tender mercies of his enemies. On every station and on every conditional purchase there should be nurseries and homes for cats, and these, as they reach maturity, would go abroad to do the work which trappers less thoroughly perform.

The iguanas are large lizards. One variety, of a dark color, is from five to six feet long, and much resembles a small alligator. It inhabits the lofty gum-trees which grow along the various water-courses. The individuals of this variety are wonderful climbers, and used to wage war on the opossum tribe; but that occupation is nearly gone. They descended oftentimes and robbed such fowl-houses as were near the water. I do not think that they would much help the destruction of rabbits; but under the changed circumstances of their usual game, they might do so. The variety which is peculiarly worth preserving is much smaller, not more than two and a half feet long, having a bright bronze-like skin.

It must not be supposed that the rabbits, on their march northward, did not leave any colonies behind them. They did; and it is in regard to these colonies that the smaller iguanas are found so useful. These colonies may be called burrows, in fact, and are of two kinds: first, those which the rabbits themselves made; and secondly, those which they found ready-made for them. The first are merely temporary shelters, in which they deposit their young whilst on their march. The soil is very loose, and the does do not excavate to any depth. I have often seen lads thrust their arms in and drag the young ones out. The reason of this shallow burrowing is, that if they dig in deeper than the shrub and grass roots, the sand runs down and chokes the excavation. The iguanas are aware of this, and

do not enter the burrows as the rabbits do; with their acute sense of smell they can, from the surface, fix upon the spot beneath which the rabbit-nest is, and, digging down to it, seize the young rabbits. The burrows which the rabbits find ready-made for them are much more difficult to deal with. These are excavations in rocky, gravelly, limestone hillocks, originally made by a small species of kangaroo not much larger than a rabbit. On the Darling back blocks I have heard them styled *bilbies*—their aboriginal name, I presume. What the direct reason may be is unknown—whether the destined time for their removal had come, or whether the rabbits had forcibly ejected them or not, the fact remains, that these little bilbies have all disappeared, and the rabbits have taken possession of their warrens. I do not think that this has merely *happened*. I think that it is a direct decree from that Almighty Being who rules the universe. I have observed a somewhat similar law decreed on another occasion. Without staying to inquire in what manner it was brought about, or how we have dealt with the aborigines of Australia, the fact remains that the Anglo-Saxon has taken possession of Riverina, and that aboriginal tribes have disappeared. The principal flesh-meat of these aborigines was that of the opossum; under the changed circumstances these animals were no longer required, and they have disappeared. Where, ten years ago, they were to be found in swarms, hardly one can be discovered. The same law has left the bilbie-warrens to the rabbits.

Now the rabbits in these warrens or burrows can be dealt with in two ways—*directly* dealt with, I mean. They must be either surrounded by wire netting and cleared out by ferrets, as in Britain, or they must be smothered by sulphur or other gas fumes. The choice lies with the sheep-farmer; I think the smothering the preferable plan. The ground around is generally too rocky to allow of *digging* the rabbits out; ferrets are troublesome to handle, and are dangerous at all times.

It would require a goodly-sized volume to enumerate all the cases which might occur in dealing with the rabbits. I will only cite one more case, which is to a certain extent within my own knowledge. A young gentleman at Euston Station, who had formerly been in the employment of Mr. Miller at Kulkyn, informed me that during one dry summer he had been seen

out to one of the back stations to see if the various four-hundred-gallon tanks, which were placed at intervals along the back-country roads, were *all right*—that means, all to the fore and with water in them. He came to one which had water in it, and which water the rabbits about had smelt. They had crowded to the tank, and were piled up dead, one on the top of the other, half-way up the sides of the tank. He estimated their numbers to be six or seven hundred. I believe him implicitly, and so would every one who was aware of all the circumstances.

Why could not such an excessive thirst be more frequently made use of, in places? I am of course aware that Kulkyn suffered much, and had no green herb on it. But when there is a will there is a way. A few dishes of water inside of a small paddock of an acre, with a trapped wire-proof fence, would occasionally do wonders.

The pitfalls, of course, must have zinc bottoms, with a little earth on them, and a few green boughs—the sides lined with zinc. The falls of the little trap doorways must have great attention paid to them. All these minutiae require the employment of a superior class of men—handy and teachable; such men are not easily obtainable anywhere. The handy, intelligent all-round men amongst the agricultural classes in Britain, I am everywhere told, are a thing of the past. I don't believe it. It only requires circumstances to bring them to the front; and that has been abundantly proved again and again in Australia. They are not going to let miserable creatures like rabbits beat them. With all its little cunning it is a stupid animal.

I part from the subject with one word of comfort to my Australian friends. I hear a great deal about the *rabbit's* increase, but none about the *cat's*. Here it is. Making the same allowances against the increase as I did in the rabbit case, I find that in the *fifth* year, from one pair of *cats*, there might well be twenty-five thousand, of which twelve thousand would be breeders. Allowing that each cat kills only two rabbits a week—that is, say, one hundred a year—the rabbits killed by cats would amount to twenty-five hundred thousand in one year. A good return—*on paper*—no doubt. But the rabbits are up to their calculation,—why should not the cats be so also?

C. G. N. LOCKHART.

From St. James's Gazette.

## HARES.

CONSIDERING how long the hare has been known, there has been more unnatural history written about it than any other British animal. It is said to produce two young ones at a birth; but observant sportsmen know that from three to five leverets are not unfrequently found. Even by some writers in what are called "standard" works it is stated that the hare breeds twice or at most thrice a year. Any one, however, who has daily observed the habits of hares knows that there are but few months in which leverets are not born. In mild winters young hares have been found in January and February, whilst by March they have become common. They may be seen right on through summer and autumn, and even now leverets apparently about a month old are not at all unfrequent. Of course the exceptional season through which we have passed may account for this in some measure, but the same set of facts applies to ordinary years. Does shot in October are sometimes found to be giving milk; and even now old hares are frequently noticed in the same patch of cover. These facts would seem to point to the conclusion that the hare propagates its species almost the whole year round—a startling piece of information to the older naturalists. Add to this, that hares pair when a year old and that gestation lasts only thirty days, and it may be seen how prolific an animal the hare may be. The young are born covered with fur and with their eyes open, and after about a month they leave their mother and seek their own subsistence.

The hare would certainly become abundant were it not beset by so many enemies. But the balance could always be kept adjusted prior to the legislation of 1880; since when, however, hares have had no protection whatever. A shy and timid animal, it is worried through every month of the year. It does not retire to burrow, and has not the natural protection of the rabbit. Although the color of its fur allows it to conform in a marvellous way to the dead grass and herbage among which it lies, yet it starts from its form at the approach of danger, and from its size offers an easy mark. It is not unfrequently "chopped" by sheep-dogs, and in certain months hundreds of leverets perish in this way. They are also destroyed by wholesale during the mowing of grass

and the reaping of wheat. For a short time in summer young hares seek this kind of cover especially, and farmers or their laborers kill great numbers with dog and gun; and this at a time when they are quite unfit for food. In addition to these causes of scarcity, there are others known to sportsmen, who have the remedy in their own hands. When harriers hunt late in the season, as they invariably do nowadays, many leverets are sacrificed without affording the least sport. Some of these are "chopped" in their forms; and for every hare that goes away probably three are killed in the manner indicated. At least that is the teaching of one pretty wide experience. When hunting continues through March, master and huntsman assert that this havoc is necessary, in order to kill off superabundant jack-hares and so preserve the balance of the stock. And doubtless there was reason in the argument before the present scarcity; but now it hardly holds good. March, too, is a general breeding-month, and the hunting of does in young entails the grossest cruelty. Coursing is confined within no fixed limits, and is often prolonged unusually late. With some modifications, what has been said of hunting applies to coursing; and these things sportsmen can remedy if they please. There is probably more unwritten law in connection with field sport than any other pastime; and it obviously might be added to with advantage. If something is not done the hare will assuredly become extinct before very long. To prevent this result a "close time" is, in the opinion of most sportsmen, absolutely necessary. And the dates between which the animal would be best protected are probably the 1st of March and the 1st of August.

Poaching is almost if not quite as prevalent now as it has ever been; and the recent relaxation of the law has done something to encourage it. Poachers find pretexts for being on and about land which before were of no avail, and to the "moucher" accurate observation by day is one of the essentials to success. This is especially true in the case of hares and partridges. Each of these kinds of game is local in its haunts and habits, and only needs to be closely watched to be easily captured. As a rule, the village poacher knows the whereabouts of every hare in his parish; not only the field in which it lies, but the very clump of herbage in which is its form. But in speaking of the poacher who makes hares his specialty, it

is necessary to speak of his constant companion — the lurcher. Lurchers are pure crosses between greyhound and sheep-dog. The produce from these have the speed of the one and the "nose" and intelligence of the other. Such dogs never bark, and, being rough-coated, are able to stand the exposure of cold nights. They take long to train, but when perfected are invaluable. The most successful poacher is the one who makes the greatest number of mental notes. In his walks abroad he watches the hares feeding or at play, and takes in their every twist and double. He examines all gaps, gates, and "smoots" through which they pass; and, so that he may leave no scent of hand or print of foot, he always approaches these spots laterally. The poacher looks out upon the night from his cottage, and when the time is favorable he starts, striking right across the land. Frequented roads or by-paths he avoids. In a likely hedgerow he sets a couple of snares, not more than a yard apart; and if the field to be ranged holds a hare, he knows that it will take one of the snares. A dog is then sent to range the field, and the poacher has arranged that the wind shall blow from the dog across the hare's seat. This at once alarms the animal, and she comes lopping towards the fence. Something must be added to her speed, however, to make the snare effective, and this the dog supplies by closing in. Behind his snares the poacher, with hands on knees and still as death, waits for her coming. There is a rustle in the leaves, a faint squeal; the wire has tightened round her neck. At gaps and gates a wide net is substituted for the snare, and often proves an engine of more wholesale destruction. These are the two common methods employed by the poacher, and his harvest is usually greatest in February and March, when hares are found in company. Keepers and others interested in the preservation of hares ought to remember that a hare once netted can never be retaken in the same manner. The moral of this is, that where poachers are troublesome every hare on an estate ought to be taken in the manner indicated and then turned loose.

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From The Spectator.  
HIBERNIAN IMAGERY.

BEYOND and above the vocabulary which a person uses in common with his

fellows, he will have a certain number, varying in individual cases, of words and phrases and turns of speech which reflect his personality. Sometimes these amount, in families and intimate circles, to a regular lingo, often bewildering to the outsider. Thus, a friend told the present writer how, when lunching out one day, he was electrified on hearing his hostess — a particularly ladylike and refined woman — remark to the footman, "John, take down that leg of mutton and sit upon it until the master comes in," — to *sit upon* being the not very elegant cant phrase obtaining in that family for to keep a thing hot. This anecdote has always seemed to us to illustrate very pointedly the danger of using a lingo in mixed society. With some people it takes the form of intentionally mispronouncing words, or employing malaprops which, when used in the presence of persons not belonging to the family or circle in question, and consequently not possessed of that particular "comprehension" on which Tolstoi comments so acutely in his "Souvenirs," are set down to ignorance. Thus, we know a lady who never misses a chance of saying of a conspicuous object or person that it or he is "the *sinecure* of every eye," and we confess to having been guilty, on the first occasion we heard her use it, of the conviction — since corrected — that she spoke in innocence, and not with malice prepense. Similarly, in the writer's own family, several Irish malaprops — of which one, "as white as the drivelling show," may serve as an example — have established themselves so firmly in common use, that it requires a conscious effort to overcome the habit and say the right word. The worst and most intolerable form of lingo is that almost universally prevalent among young men about town, who eke out their own inanity by the "gag" of the music-halls — scraps and shreds of popular songs — a dialect the essence of which is that it must be comprehended of the vulgar. The nuisance of this system is that the most simple and every-day expressions are seized upon and debased by constant association with a vulgar context.

What we have in our mind, however, is something very different from the borrowed buffoonery of the gilded youth. It is that peculiar coloring to be found in Irish speech, — that mixture of picturesqueness, exaggeration, and confusion which lends such a charm to the conversation of Irishmen and Irishwomen, gentle and simple. Whatever may be said in



disparagement of the Irish gentry, it must at least be conceded that they have the keenest appreciation for the humor of the Irish peasantry, a fact which is amply proved by their habit of adopting and employing such peasant colloquialisms. As to the origin of the word "fatigue," signifying a fuss, or state of impatience or excitement, we are not prepared to speak authoritatively, but it has always seemed to us admirably expressive. Irishmen have a delightful way of using the word "dint" which cannot be too highly commended. Thus, a Kerry friend remarked to the writer, on a very black night, as they were stumbling along a wooded path, "Sure, we'll be destroyed with the dint of the darkness." Extravagant behavior is generally described as being "beyond the beyonds," while the most effective way of laying stress on the rarity of a thing is to say that it happens "once in a blue moon." What a characteristic phrase, again, is the Irish variant for cockcrow, "the screech of dawn"! To jump is expanded into "to throw a leap," and to behave properly into "to have conduct." The foregoing are all expressions in frequent use, and into the origin of them it is not our purpose to inquire. But in the coining of new phrases just the same picturesqueness is observable. Thus, it was an Irish lady who once amused her auditors greatly by remarking in a rueful tone, in the course of a conversation on the size of feet, "My feet are fearfully big, — regular *cubic feet*." At the risk of spoiling a good anecdote, we are fain to record the following fragments of a description of the wonderful adventures of a horse-dealer at Punchestown. He was craning over on to the course at the side of the big jump, when the barrier gave way, and before he could recover himself, the whole field were on top of him. "I declare to ye most solemnly," continued the narrator, "that *seventeen horses changed their feet in the small of his back*." The sequel went on to tell how the very next day he was seen selling horses at a fair in another part of the county; "but then, he was a man of an iron constitution!" A certain exaggeration is no doubt often observable in these Irish anecdotes, and has led us to speculate whether the element of exaggeration so characteristic of Transatlantic humor may not be traceable to this source. A wild, "mountainy" gossoon will, half in

jest no doubt, allude to a neighboring village as the "methropolis." Some friends of the writer recently moved a family from a dilapidated hovel to a new cottage. The mother was half crazy, and her sister who lived with them deaf and nearly blind. But she had not lost her wits, as her description of their troubles will prove. She said they were *destroyed from that ould castle* — their former domicile — *bailing it out all night*. 'Twas that *fabric made her hard of hearing, and upset her sister's mind*. And, again, pointing to her sister, "Look at her now, and she was the grace-fullest girl in the place, and as honest as the pope, until that fabric upset her mind." What makes the foregoing expressions so characteristically Irish is the incongruity of the words "fabric" and "castle." So, again, when a Munsterman spoke of a horse being "as handy with his hind legs as any pugilist," it was in the choice of the word "pugilist," quite as much as in the bull, that the mental habit of the race revealed itself. But inasmuch as in the Irish bull, the three traits that we have insisted on above — picturesqueness, confusion, and inaccuracy — are best exemplified, we may conclude this short paper with a few specimens of that admirable figure of speech. Finance is not a subject specially calculated to promote the growth of flowers of rhetoric, and yet it was in connection with finance that two of the best bulls we know of were perpetrated. In the first instance, the speaker alluded to a sum as "a nest-egg for us to take our stand upon;" in the other case a projected economy was described as "a mere flea-bite in the ocean of Indian debt." For the following we are indebted to an Irish medical man, who assures us that it was the creation of a colleague. Some change was contemplated in reference to which he expressed himself in terms of the most vehement disapproval, declaring that it would have the effect of throwing "an apple of discord in their midst, which, if not nipped in the bud, would burst out into a flame that would inundate the whole country." Nothing, however, for condensed confusion of thought can surpass the celebrated remark of the man who asserted that the state of affairs was "enough to make a man commit suicide, or perish in the attempt."

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